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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1953.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE THEORY THAT THE SHIPWRECKED CAN SURVIVE ON SEA-FOOD AND WITHOUT FRESH WATER: THE RAFT, *L'HERETIQUE*, BEACHED AT BARBADOS AFTER DR. BOMBARD'S SINGLE-HANDED CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC IN 65 DAYS (INCLUSIVE).

ON December 22, at 11 a.m., Dr. Alain Bombard beached at Barbados his small metal raft, *L'Herétique*, in which he had single-handed set sail from Las Palmas, in the Canaries, on October 19. The raft, like those used by the French Air Force, consisted of two metal cylinders joined

[Continued opposite.]



(RIGHT.) DR. ALAIN BOMBARD, THE FRENCH SCIENTIST WHO, SINGLE-HANDED, SAILED THE 15-FT. METAL RAFT *L'HERETIQUE* ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

[Continued.]

at the prow, with an in-built wooden stern and a 6-ft.-high mast and sail. She carried navigational instruments, charts and a radio receiver. The raft carried no fresh water, and although, under pressure, Dr. Bombard carried emergency food supplies, he claims that he did not use them. The purpose of his voyage was to demonstrate that shipwrecked mariners can support life without fresh water and on sea-food alone. The water that he used was obtained by crushing the fish which he caught. He also used a nylon sieve to collect plankton, which is extremely rich in calories and in Vitamin C and, in consequence, a complete protection against scurvy. During his voyage he was encountered by the Booker Line ship *Arakaka*, on December 10, and arranged for a radio message to be sent to his wife in Paris. He had then been ill for some days, but was reported fit again. When he landed at Barbados, he broke in the presence of the crowd the seals of emergency food supplies which he had been given in Casablanca. His food during the voyage consisted of fish caught by himself, plankton, and, it is understood, some sea-birds which he caught.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FIRST CHRISTMAS BROADCAST: HER MAJESTY'S MESSAGE TO HER PEOPLES.

SPEAKING in clear tones, her Majesty said: "Each Christmas, at this time, my beloved father broadcast a message to his people in all parts of the world. To-day I am doing this to you, who are now my people. As he used to do, I am speaking to you from my own home, where I am spending Christmas with my family, and let me say at once how I hope that your children are enjoying themselves as much as mine are on a day which is especially the children's festival, kept in honour of the Child born at Bethlehem nearly 2000 years ago.

"Most of you to whom I am speaking will be in your own homes, but I have a special thought for those who are serving their country in distant lands far from their families. Wherever you are, either at home or away,

"Above all, we must keep alive that courageous spirit of adventure that is the finest quality of youth: and by youth I do not just mean those who are young in years; I mean, too, all those who are young in heart, no matter how old they may be. That spirit still flourishes in this old country and in all the younger countries of our Commonwealth.

"On this broad foundation let us set out to build a truer knowledge of ourselves and our fellow-men, to work for tolerance and understanding among the nations, and to use the tremendous forces of science and learning for the betterment of man's lot upon this earth. If we can do these three things with courage, with generosity and with humility, then—surely we shall achieve that 'peace on earth, good



FOLLOWING THE CUSTOM ESTABLISHED BY HER FATHER AND GRANDFATHER: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II. SEATED BEFORE THE MICROPHONE IN THE STUDY AT SANDRINGHAM HOUSE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

in snow or in sunshine, I give you my affectionate greetings, with every good wish for Christmas and the New Year.

"At Christmas our thoughts are always full of our homes and our families. This is the day when members of the same family try to come together, or if separated by distance or events, meet in spirit and affection by exchanging greetings. But we belong, you and I, to a far larger family. We belong, all of us, to the British Commonwealth and Empire, that immense union of nations, with their homes set in all the four corners of the earth. Like our own families, it can be a great power for good—a force which I believe can be of immeasurable benefit to all humanity. My father and my grandfather before him worked all their lives to unite our peoples ever more closely, and to maintain its ideals which were so near to their hearts. I shall strive to carry on their work.

"Already you have given me strength to do so, for, since my accession ten months ago, your loyalty and affection have been an immense support and encouragement. I want to take this Christmas Day, my first opportunity, to thank you with all my heart.

"Many grave problems and difficulties confront us all, but with a new faith in the old and splendid beliefs given us by our forefathers, and the strength to venture beyond the safeties of the past, I know we shall be worthy of our duty.

will toward men' which is the eternal message of Christmas, and the desire of us all.

"At my Coronation next June I shall dedicate myself anew to your service. I shall do so in the presence of a great congregation, drawn from every part of the Commonwealth and Empire, while millions outside Westminster Abbey will hear the promises and the prayers being offered up within its walls, and see much of the ancient ceremony in which kings and queens before me have taken part through century upon century.

"You will be keeping it as a holiday; but I want to ask you all, whatever your religion may be, to pray for me on that day—to pray that God may give me wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promises I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve Him, and you, all the days of my life.

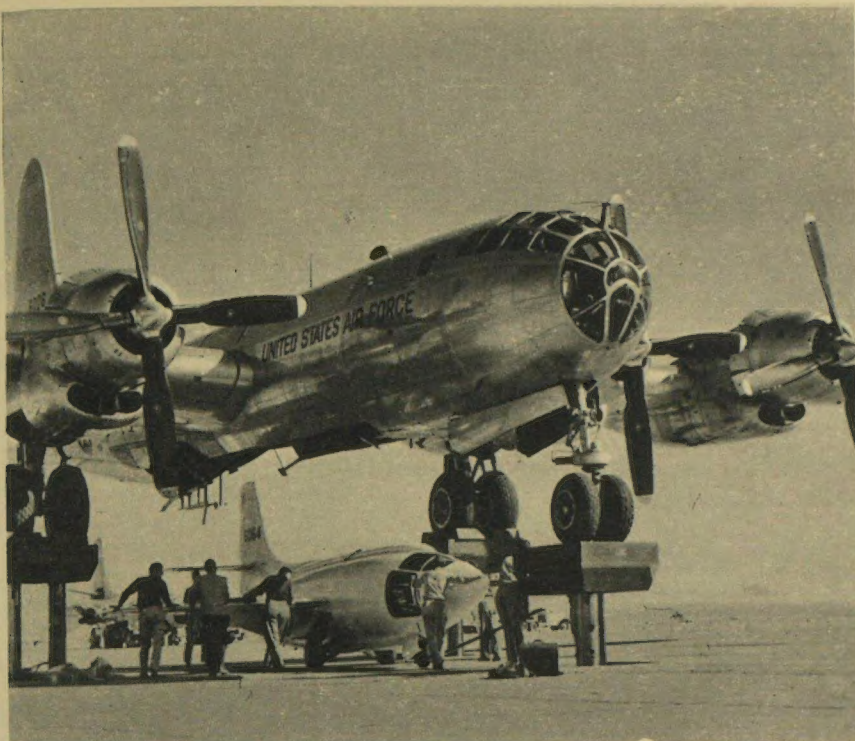
"May God bless and guide you all through the coming year."

Queen Elizabeth II. made the first Christmas broadcast of her reign from the study at Sandringham House, seated in the same chair and at the same desk used on such occasions by her father, King George VI., and before him, King George V. In another room the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Queen Mary, Princess Margaret, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, the Duchess of Kent and her children were assembled to hear the broadcast.

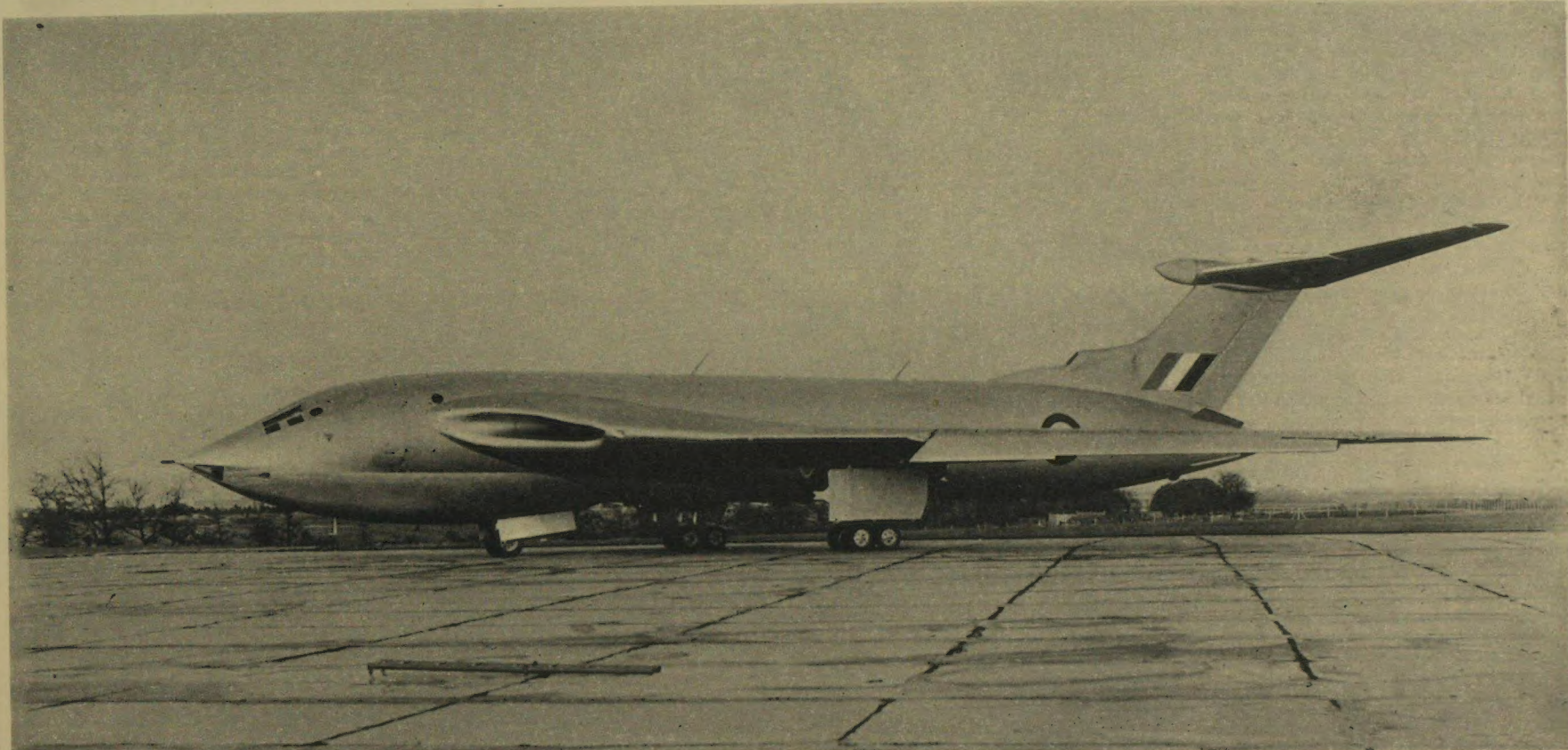
THE WORLD'S FIRST SCIMITAR-WING BOMBER, AIR NEWS, AND AN AVALANCHE DISASTER.



THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIRCRAFT, THE DOUGLAS SKYTREAK (D-558-2), CREDITED WITH A SPEED OF 1238 M.P.H., CARRIED IN THE MODIFIED BOMB-BAY OF ITS "MOTHER" AIRCRAFT, A U.S. NAVY B-29. THIS RESEARCH AIRCRAFT HAS ALSO REACHED THE ALTITUDE OF 79,494 FT.



WITH THE SPECIALLY MODIFIED SUPERFORTRESS (B-50) RAISED UP ON POWERFUL RAMPS, THE SUPERSONIC RESEARCH AIRCRAFT, THE BELL X-2 (POWERED WITH A CURTIS XLR-25 ROCKET MOTOR), IS JOCKEYED INTO POSITION FOR LIFTING TO THE "MOTHER" AIRCRAFT.



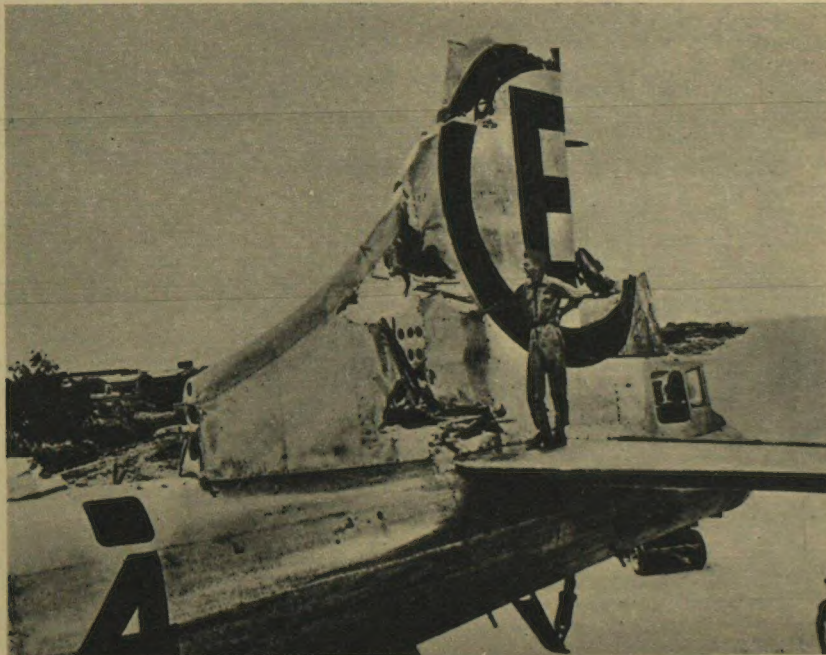
THE WORLD'S FIRST SCIMITAR-WING BOMBER, THE HANDLEY PAGE H.P. 80, WHICH RECENTLY MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT AND HAS BEEN ORDERED IN QUANTITY FOR THE R.A.F.

On December 28 it was revealed that the Handley Page four-jet scimitar-wing bomber had made its maiden flight and had been ordered in quantity "from the drawing-board" for the R.A.F. The makers claim for it that "no other bomber flies as fast, as far and as high with as great a bomb

load." Its wings, instead of being swept back are curved back, and this, it is claimed, gives greater control and stability at slow speeds. It has four Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire jet engines, developing a power equivalent to more than twenty-five modern express locomotives.



THE BUS IN WHICH TWENTY-FOUR HOLIDAY-MAKERS (TWELVE OF THEM BRITISH) WERE KILLED WHEN THE VEHICLE WAS SWEEPED FROM THE ROAD BY AN AVALANCHE NEAR LANGEN, IN VORARLBERG. On December 22 a bus full of holiday-makers bound for winter sports resorts in Vorarlberg, in Austria, was swept off the Stuben-Lech-Langen road by the force of an avalanche into the River Affenz and then buried by snow. Twenty-three passengers were instantly killed and one died later; twelve were members of a British party. Most, it was revealed at the inquest, died by drowning.



A TESTIMONIAL TO THE AIRWORTHINESS OF THE SUPERFORTRESS: WITH THIS TERRIBLY MANGLED TAIL-FIN THE AIRCRAFT, AFTER A KOREAN RAID, FLEW 1400 MILES. This particular Boeing Superfortress was engaged on a United Nations raid in the far north of North Korea on a target near the Manchurian border. It was heavily shot up, but despite very great damage to the tail fin, managed to make its way back to a base some 1400 miles from the target. It was manned and operated by men of the United States Air Force.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY now and then, even in the most civilised and peaceable ages, the problem of lawless violence raises its grim head. The pages of Victorian "Punches"—those chronicles of placid domesticity—are, for instance, incongruously festooned from time to time with the ferocious faces of garroters and murderers leering, Bill Sikes-like, under savage fur caps at the defenceless top-hatted or crinolined citizenry who were, it seems, their intended victims. Since the late war, as after the First World War, we have been living in a time of more than ordinary criminal disorder, and in recent months the disquiet of the law-abiding majority has been brought to a head by a number of crimes of particular atrocity and horror. There is a growing feeling that something ought to be done, that the authorities have been or are being too lax in the repression of crime, that the foundations of society are being endangered. But on what should be done opinion is greatly divided. The view of the older-fashioned has been clearly and forcibly expressed by that vigorous representative of old England, the Lord Chief Justice; that of the newer, and so far much less successful, England of the mid-twentieth-century by his critics. The first favours the birch, the second the prison without bars; the one thinks primarily of the injured community, the other of the criminal.

The surest way to effect a cure of most human ills is to discover their causes. What are the reasons for the present prevalence of crime and violence. Six years of war and of wartime social dislocation and improvisation unloosed much of the cement of our highly complicated and, therefore, fragile society. It was impossible to separate millions of young men for long periods from their womenfolk, to evacuate vast multitudes from their homes and forcibly billet them in other people's houses, to conscript millions of wives and mothers and future wives and mothers into industrial employment, and to deny to the population, during a long period of intense and unnatural strain, all ordinary outlets for legitimate pleasure and relaxation, without unloosing a flood of dangerous and uncanalised human passion and self-assertion. Those who ruled Britain during the war, great though their virtues were in other respects, gave far too little consideration to the social foundations and fabric of society; they were so busy defending it from a foreign enemy that they forgot—as we all have tended to forget in the last half-century—that society is a highly artificial and unnatural creation which requires constant thought and care if it is not to disintegrate. They behaved like men who use a machine without troubling to maintain and repair it. This has been a tendency, indeed, of almost all modern Governments faced by external difficulties; they are inclined to resort to temporary expedients without considering their effect on the permanent social structure. It is of little use, for instance, trying to increase exports if the methods employed for doing so result in diminishing the training and incentives of those who have to make them; it is useless to manufacture arms to fight an external militant Communism if the sacrifice of domestic social stability made for the sake of such arms results in a spread of Communism at home. All schemes of material improvement or expediency that result in an impoverishment of the human mechanism by which they have to be effected are bound to fail in the end. Societies depend on men and women; "a State which dwarfs its men," wrote John Stuart Mill, "in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished." He might have added that with inefficient or discontented men, nothing enduring can be accomplished at all. A tower, however, stately and imposing, built on human discontent, always falls.

The superficial remedies for criminal violence are obvious. The police force needs enlarging and the terms of its service improving in order to

enlarge it; for a rich trading community to economise on the means of preserving public order is a very foolish proceeding. The enforcement of the interminable regulations and restrictions, beneficial or otherwise, of the Welfare State, and the control of motor traffic on our overcrowded highways, have imposed a strain on our existing police force greater than it can meet. The surest and speediest way of bringing an end to the present wave of crime is to make it clear to the would-be criminal that his chance of being caught and brought to punishment is overwhelmingly high; as long as the chance of detection seems small thieves and thugs will multiply. By the same token lax and tender methods of treating convicted criminals, old or young, are not—whatever their ultimate effect on the convicted criminal—calculated to deter others from committing crimes. It is extremely

doubtful, indeed, whether the methods adopted by so-called "progressive" modern thought are having any real success in the reform of the criminals whom the community succeeds in capturing and incarcerating. It was a tragic and ironic commentary on our well-intentioned theories of preventing crime by reformatory tenderness that the unhappy mother of two young criminals recently convicted of appalling crimes of violence had, if reports in the Press are to be believed, lectured the community on the wireless during the war on the subject of juvenile delinquency. Children, reformers too often forget, are not what we want them to be; they are what we ourselves are—very imperfect creatures, full of dangerous passions. The best, and ultimately kindest way to discipline those passions is to check them early by methods which a child's unformed mind can immediately and instinctively understand. I feel little confidence in the remedy of State corporal punishment as a means of reforming young criminals—though, like State capital punishment, it may be a valuable deterrent—because the essence of effective corporal punishment is that its delivery is instantaneous, so that crime and its unpleasant consequence become part of a single process in the offender's startled and awakened mind. But, remembering my own childhood, I am on the whole a believer in occasional corporal and painful punishment as a cure for youthful passion and wilfulness. There are three *desiderata* for such punishment: that it should always be given immediately after the detection and, if possible, the commission of the crime; that the punishment should end with the pain inflicted for it; and that the offender suffering it should know that the person inflicting it genuinely loves and cares for him. If these three rules could be invariably observed, I believe that the effect of youthful corporal punishment would nearly always prove more salutary than less physically painful but mentally more hurtful forms of punishment.

Yet in the last resort all this places the original cure of criminal tendency on the only place in which it can be basically cured: the home. On what the home is, in nine cases out of ten and, probably, in ninety-nine cases out

of a hundred, the child will be. All the State can do—and it is a very great deal—is to do everything possible to foster and protect the home. The home is any good Government's most sacred trust. That is why I regard Mr. Harold Macmillan as the most successful statesman since the end of the 1939-45 War, because, up to date, he has done more than any other to build homes. I am not suggesting that the mere provision of a house makes a good home—very far from it. Yet it is difficult to see how a good home can be made without a house. Every house built for a young couple is likely to diminish the need for increasing the accommodation of a prison population. The best place to dam and control a flood is in the higher, not the lower, reaches of a river. The best places to check and control the flood of lawless and anti-social human passion are the cradle and the nursery. A stitch in time saves nine in need.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN MOTHER OF DENMARK.



A WELL-LOVED ROYAL LADY: QUEEN ALEXANDRINE OF DENMARK, WHO DIED IN COPENHAGEN ON DECEMBER 28 AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, widow of King Christian X. (who died in 1947), and mother of the reigning sovereign, King Frederik IX., died at Copenhagen on December 28, a few days after her seventy-third birthday. She was the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Friedrich Franz III. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and married on April 26, 1898, the then Crown Prince Christian, elder son of King Frederik VIII. of Denmark, who, in 1912, succeeded his father as King Christian X. Queen Alexandrine, who never enjoyed very robust health, was naturally shy and reserved, but she entered wholeheartedly on the many public and official duties which her position as wife of a constitutional monarch entailed; and she was deeply loved and revered in Denmark. Her great courage and the support which she gave to her husband during the German occupation roused universal admiration, and in this country it will be remembered with gratitude that in May 1944, by her personal intervention, she saved the life of a London-born woman whom the Germans had condemned to death for sheltering a British parachutist. She paid many visits to this country, her last being in 1948, when she stayed at Marlborough House as the guest of Queen Mary. Queen Alexandrine leaves two sons, the present sovereign, King Frederik, who was born in 1899, and Prince Knud. She was passionately interested in music, and it was a great joy to her that her elder son had inherited this taste, and is indeed a conductor of distinction.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



INVITED BY PRESIDENT AURIOL TO FORM A FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. JACQUES SOUSTELLE (LEFT), SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE GAULLIST RALLY, WHO FAILED TO SECURE THE NECESSARY SUPPORT.

M. PINAY, the French Prime Minister, resigned early on December 23, just before a vote of confidence in the Assembly which was expected to cause the fall of his Government. He had been in office for ten months, at the head of France's seventeenth Government since the war. On December 24 President Auriol invited M. Jacques Soustelle, the thirty-nine-year-old anthropologist and secretary-general of the Gaullist Rally, to try to form a Government. On December 28 he informed the President that his conversations had convinced him that he would be unable to form a Government. The decisive factor was undoubtedly the unanimous decision of the Socialist Radical Party leaders not to support him. President Auriol then asked M. Georges Bidault, the leader of the M.R.P., to inquire into his chances of forming a Government and standing for election as Prime Minister.



TWICE PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE: M. GEORGES BIDAULT (RIGHT), THE LEADER OF THE M.R.P., WHO WAS ASKED BY PRESIDENT AURIOL ON DECEMBER 28 TO TRY TO FORM A GOVERNMENT.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ROBERT MANSENGH.

To succeed Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, who is to retire on April 1 from the position of Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Northern Europe. Sir Robert Mansergh, who is fifty-two, has been Sir Patrick Brind's Deputy C-in-C. since 1951. He was Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War from 1948 to 1949; and Commander, British Forces, Hong Kong, 1949-51. He was promoted Lieut.-Gen. in 1948.



A "PLEASANT REUNION" IN NEW YORK: GENERAL EISENHOWER (RIGHT), PRESIDENT-ELECT, WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR, AFTER A CONFERENCE, ON DECEMBER 17, WHICH LASTED ABOUT TWO HOURS. General Eisenhower and Mr. John Foster Dulles, his chosen Secretary of State, conferred on December 17 with General MacArthur, the former Supreme Commander Far East. The conference, during which General MacArthur explained his plan for a "clear and definite solution" of the Korean war, lasted for about two hours. Afterwards General Eisenhower said he had had a very pleasant meeting with "two very good friends." A brief statement said: "We discussed the problems of peace in Korea and in the world in general."



MISS MARJORIE BOWEN.

Died on December 23, aged sixty-four. One of the most prolific and best-known novelists of her time, she wrote also under the pen names of George R. Freedy and Joseph Shearing, in private life her name was Mrs. Arthur L. Long. She was first married to a Sicilian, Zefferino Emilio Costanza, who died in 1916. She wrote more than seventy books as "Marjorie Bowen" including historical studies and biographies.



SIR CHARLES ARDEN-CLOSE.

Died on December 19, aged eighty-seven. A scientific geographer of the first rank, he was Director-General of the Ordnance Survey during World War I, and President of the Royal Geographical Society from 1927 until October, 1930, in which month the Society celebrated its centenary. He was chairman of the Palestine Exploration Fund from 1930 to 1945.



MR. RALPH DEAKIN.

Died on December 19, aged sixty-four. A distinguished journalist and gifted photographer, he had been Imperial and Foreign News Editor of *The Times* for over thirty years. During his long career on the staff of *The Times* he fulfilled some engagements as Special Correspondent, notably in 1925 with the Prince of Wales on his tour of the Empire in *Repulse*.



MR. LYN HARDING.

Died on December 26, aged eighty-five. A veteran actor, and friend and colleague of Sir Herbert Tree, he had played a very wide variety of parts in his long and distinguished career. Notable as the "villain" in the rip-roaring melodramas of the 'nineties, and in other plays later in his long career, it is on his interpretations of Shakespeare that his reputation chiefly rests.



SIR ROBERT TOPPING.

Died on December 27, aged seventy-five. He was general director of the Conservative Central Office and principal agent of the party from 1927 to 1945. Born in Dublin, he worked in a lawyer's office in his native city in early life. At the age of twenty-seven he abandoned the law to devote his whole time to politics. He was knighted in 1934.



SIR WILLIAM WALTON.

Has been commissioned by the Arts Council to write a Coronation March to be entitled "Orb and Sceptre." The first performance will be on Coronation Day in the programme of music to be performed in Westminster Abbey before the ceremony. This will be the second time that he has composed a Coronation March, his first being "Crown Imperial," in 1937.

THE CHAMPOLLION DISASTER: RESCUERS, RESCUED AND SHORE VIGIL.



SIGNALLING BY SEMAPHORE TO THE WRECKED LINER *CHAMPOLLION*: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW THE LINER LAY HELPLESS 300 YARDS FROM SHORE, OFF BEIRUT.



THE MOTOR-BOAT IN WHICH MR. BALTAJI, THE HEROIC PORT PILOT, SUCCEEDED IN RESCUING 150 PERSONS IN THREE TRIPS: MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE GROUPED ON THE DECK.



SHOWING THE CONDITION IN WHICH THOSE WHO SWAM TO SHORE REACHED IT: A SURVIVOR, COATED WITH THICK, SMOTHERING OIL, BEING CARRIED TO HOSPITAL.



WATCHING THE RESCUE ATTEMPTS, WHICH WERE DIRECTED BY GENERAL SHEBAB, LEBANESE C.-IN-C.: THE LEBANESE PRESIDENT (LEFT, HOLDING FIELD-GLASSES).



A WOMAN WHO SWAM TO SHORE AFTER HAVING RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS BY MEGAPHONE TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT: SHE IS COVERED WITH OIL.



A HAPPY REUNION: ONE OF THE SWIMMERS WHO JUMPED FROM THE WRECK AND REACHED SHORE; WITH HER HUSBAND AND DOG, RESCUED BY MOTOR-BOAT.



REUNITED AFTER HOURS OF FEAR AND ANXIETY: ONE OF THE PASSENGERS RESCUED FROM THE *CHAMPOLLION* GREETING HIS WIFE AFTER THE LONG ORDEAL.

Poignant human dramas of the wreck of the *Champollion* are here illustrated. As noted on our facing page, rough seas, made rescue impossible throughout December 22; and on the morning of December 23 the 303 passengers and crew were huddled on the promenade deck. Supplies had been dropped by aircraft. Strong swimmers were advised by megaphone to jump from the ship, and some fifty did so. Seventeen died, but the remainder reached land, almost suffocated by oil. Doctors and nurses were awaiting them on shore. The British cruiser

Kenya, which had come from Port Said, was too large to approach, but stood by to break the force of the seas while passengers were rescued by motor-boat. This was carried out by Mr. Baltaji, the port pilot, who undertook this desperate and risky measure, and in three trips brought 150 survivors to safety; and a smaller motor-boat rescued the others. The master, Captain Henri Bourde, was the last to leave at 4.45 local time, on December 23. On December 26 the death-roll was given as twenty-one. An official inquiry has opened at Beirut.



THE WRECK OF THE FRENCH LINER *CHAMPOLLION* OFF BEIRUT: THE DOOMED SHIP, WITH SOME HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE STILL ABOARD HER, LYING BROKEN IN TWO AT THE MERCY OF THE RELENTLESS, TURBULENT SEA.

The French liner *Champollion*, 12,546 tons, carrying several hundred passengers, for the most part French pilgrims and priests bound for the Holy Land, where they had planned to spend Christmas, ran aground in a rocky bay outside Beirut in the early hours of the morning of December 22. She had left Marseilles on the previous day for Beirut. An SOS signal was at once sent out, and attempts to rescue passengers by cargo boat were instituted, but failed owing to the rough seas and high winds. The ship's radio ceased to work, she lost her

masts and broke in two. As darkness fell she lay at the mercy of the terrible seas, which continued to pound her. Attempts at rescue continued unavailingly; though four sailors succeeded in reaching shore. They embarked in a lifeboat which capsized, and they were rescued by helpers from the land. The passengers and crew crowded on to the sloping deck which was only partly covered, and passed a night of terror and privation, many being still in their night attire. There was, however, no panic, and passengers and crew showed great fortitude.

THE GROWTH OF ENGLISH WAYS OF LIFE.

"2000 YEARS OF ENGLAND"; By JOHN GLOAG.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. GLOAG'S title, so comprehensive of time and otherwise, shook me at first sight. This, I thought, is rather a large order for a small book! Have Mrs. Markham and Little Arthur to look to their laurels? But no; it is not a general history of England. Waterloo Station is mentioned, but not the Battle of Waterloo; Blenheim Palace is mentioned but not the encounter from which it took its name; and, as for Trafalgar, it does not enter the Index even under cover of the Square. The publisher's note indicates its nature rather less staggeringly than the title. The book is called a study of the English tradition and the growth of English ways of life. "It examines the ingredients of the 'good old times,' and from pre-Roman days to the present, it traces the progress, growth and character of towns and cities, the origins and growth and development of the English home, the rise and achievements of architecture in England, and the creation of the environment that is now familiar. Furniture, manners, habits, food, and the function of such characteristic institutions as the inn, and the impact on life of legend and tradition, are all woven into a coherent account."

Well, "coherent," in a way, I suppose it is: in any event, were I to use the word "incoherent," it might be actionable. The coherence is mainly produced by three elements which run right through the book. One is the author's impeccable taste. One is his passionate love for the England in which we now exist, with all its various strains of breed (it is better not to use the word "race" unless one is referring to sub-specific classifications like "white" [or Nordic, or Caucasian, or Aryan], Semite, Negro, Mongolian) and its vicissitudes, produced by the Great Plague, Henry VIII.'s "Reformation," the Industrial Revolution, Two Great Wars, Universal Suffrage, Over-Population and the Welfare State. And the third is his conviction, shared by me since I was a schoolboy, that the surest clue to the civilisation and state of mind of a country is the nature of its Architecture. Those threads run through the book: to the reader

which the infected reader will at once wish to get from the London Library or elsewhere. And, I speak for myself here, he prompts the reader to wish that somebody or other would concentrate on the study of this or the other aspect or time of our history.

For myself, I find that he induces me to wish for a concentration upon Roman Britain, the Christian elements in Roman Britain, and the survivals of it under the flood of the barbarian invasion from the North, which has so frequently threatened to swamp civilisation in Western Europe as barbarian invasion from the East has threatened Eastern Europe. That Christianity arrived in Wales is admitted; did it linger on in Cornwall and West Devon? That, in the later stages of the Roman Occupation—which, after all, lasted for a period as long as that which divides

drincke, neyther thereto greatly provoke and urge others... nothing needful and expedient for mans use and commodity lacketh in that most noble Illande."

I am glad that this most likeable of Dutch Doctors is not staying with me now. I might, with a stroke of luck, get him a slice of Dutch

Cheese (which he certainly didn't go abroad to find); otherwise I fear that he might have to make do with "Pool Cheese," the Cheese of the Common Man or the Common Ravenous Mouse. As for our "great herds and flocks of cattell," I should have to tell him that he must put up with Argentine beef or aged Danish cow. And as for his butter, I should have to remind him that his countrymen were amongst the first explorers of the Pacific. And as for eggs, when he sees me in the country surrounded by poultry-keepers, who will be punished heavily if they don't allow the Government to cart their eggs about until they are musty, and finds me obliged to buy from my local village store eggs from Poland or Peru, which, when opened, turn out to be black-and-green instead of the usual white-and-yellow—well, all I can conjecture, since he was an extremely sympathetic Dutchman, is that he would marvel again at the wild imagination of the reputedly practical English, who produced "Gulliver's Travels," and

"Alice in Wonderland," and have now, intoxicated by their fantasies, produced the Welfare State. "We have always muddled through," used to be a common saying when I was young. "We always shall" used to be the presumed consequence. After reading Mr. Gloag's narrative of mess and recovery, I begin to think that there may be something in it. So let us not repine: though the designs of most Council Houses, the invasion of the countryside by



ORIGINS OF THE ENGLISH HOME: THIS HOUSE, DRAWN BY A NINTH-CENTURY ARTIST, SUGGESTS A ROMANO-BRITISH MODEL; THOUGH THE HOUSE HE COPIES MAY NOT HAVE BEEN IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND. THIS DRAWING, MADE FROM THE HARLEIAN MANUSCRIPT, NO. 603, BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, IS INCLUDED IN THOMAS WRIGHT'S BOOKS, "THE HOMES OF OTHER DAYS," AND "A HISTORY OF DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SENTIMENTS IN ENGLAND" (LONDON: 1862).

us from Philip and Mary—there were Christians here, quite apart from St. Alban, is becoming increasingly evident: only the other day they dug up in Kent a villa with every indication of a private Christian chapel. The old popular historians, with their presumption that every new invader exterminated the local population as he advanced, was completely out of touch with fact. The Ancient Briton names for water, Avon and Ouse, have persisted all over England; one would hardly pause before cutting a man's throat in order to learn the name of a river. Roman names also persisted. There was no more a complete obliteration by the Northern Invaders than there was by the Romans before them or the Normans after them. In the matter of breed the Normans arrived fully equipped. They were Northmen crossed with Gallo-Romans. They also happened to bring here a full Roman tradition—which flowered immediately in great cathedrals and churches—which had only touched the "Anglo-Saxons," whatever Mr. Gloag may say in favour of Bede's Northumbria, which, in any event, was probably Scandinavian and not Low German.

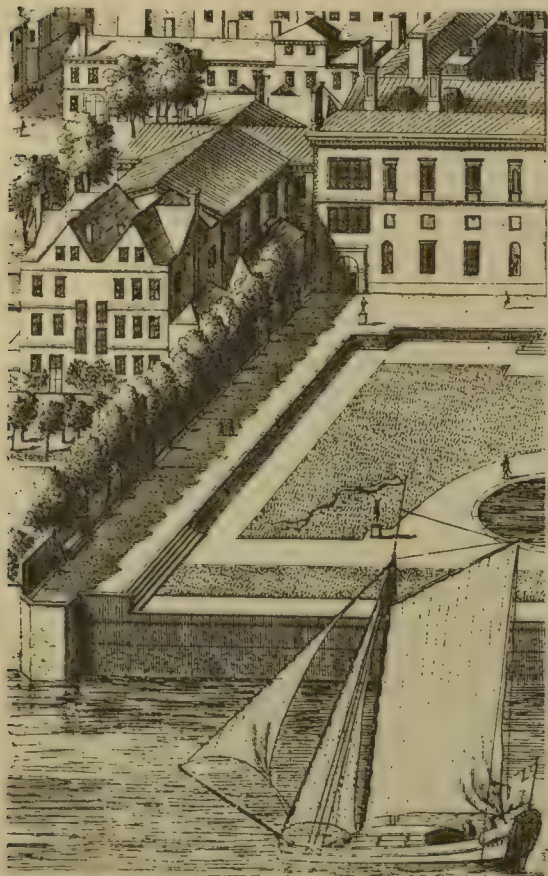
Amongst the most poignant extracts in this scintillating miscellany is this from the Dutchman, Levinus Lemnius, who wrote some notes on England in Latin in 1560, which were translated in 1581. "Dr. Lemnius after praising 'the incredible curtesie and frendlines in speache and affability used in this famous realme,' says: 'And beside this, the neate cleanliness, the exquisite finesse, the pleasaunte and delightfull furniture in every poynt for household, wonderfully rejoyced mee; their chambers and parlours strawed over with sweete herbes refreshed mee; their nosegayes finely entermingled wyth sundry sortes of fragraunte floures in their bedchambers and privy roomes, with comfortable smell cheered mee up and entirelye delyghted my senses.'"

That all suggests that the Doctor had been staying with the rich in comfort: as he might still have stayed, in certain places, up to 1939. But after that he bursts into a panegyric which may still hold an ideal before us. "And this I do thinck to be the cause that Englishmen, lyving by such wholesome and exquisite meate, and in so wholesome and healthfull ayre be so freshe and cleane coloured: their faces, eyes and countenance carying with it... a portly grace and comelynes, geveth out evident tokens of an honest mind; in language very smooth and allective, but yet seasoned and tempered within the limits and bonds of moderation, not bumbasted with any unseemly termes or infarced with any clawing flatteries or allurementes. At their tables although they be very sumptuous, and love to have good fare, yet neyther use they to overcharge themselves with excesse of



MR. JOHN GLOAG, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. John Gloag was born in 1896. He worked as a draughtsman and designer of interior decoration from 1913-16. After World War I, in which he served in the Army, he entered advertising and technical journalism. Since 1932 he has published fourteen novels. At present he is a business executive and director of a leading advertising agency. His other works include: "Men and Buildings," "British Furniture Makers," and "The American Nation."



GROWTH ALONG THE RIVER: PART OF OLD SOMERSET HOUSE AS IT APPEARED IN 1700.

who is unaware of the threads it will be merely an enchanting miscellany, to be dipped into at will should entertainment be desired, and to be consulted at will should bets be laid about this point or that. I am uncertain as to how many of the facts disclosed in this volume have been discovered by Mr. Gloag himself. Nor do I care. He gives hundreds of references to books upon which he has relied, and



"COMMODITY, FIRMNESS AND DELIGHT": A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE, WITH SIXTEENTH- AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ADDITIONS, WITH THE CHURCH INCORPORATED IN THE GENERAL LAY-OUT OF THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS, AN ENGRAVING OF COBERLY, BY KIP: LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "2000 Years of England"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Cassell and Company, Ltd.

the L.C.C., the nature of the Satellite Towns, and the devouring activities of the airfields do, at moments, tend to lower one's spirits. "One can but try!"

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 34 of this issue.

* "2000 Years of England." By John Gloag. A Hundred Illustrations. (Cassell; 18s.).



PANELLED IN STRAIGHT-GRAINED OAK AND FURNISHED WITH LARGE, COMFORTABLE SETTEES AND UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS: THE SMOKE-ROOM OF THE NEW LINER.



AFFORDING AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THE PROMENADE DECK: THE LIBRARY AND WRITING-ROOM, WHICH IS SITUATED BETWEEN THE VERANDAH CAFÉ AND THE SMOKE-ROOM.



DUE TO LEAVE LONDON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA ON JANUARY 10: THE LINER CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH, 12,500 TONS GROSS.



UNUSUALLY LARGE, WITH FURNITURE OF MODERN DESIGN: A TYPICAL DOUBLE ROOM ON "B" DECK. EVERY ROOM ON "A" DECK HAS A PRIVATE BATHROOM.



EXTENDING ACROSS THE FULL WIDTH OF THE VESSEL AND SEATING THE ENTIRE COMPLEMENT OF PASSENGERS AT ONE SERVICE: THE SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM.

A NOTABLE NEWCOMER TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN ROUTE: THE LINER CITY OF PORT ELIZABETH.

The *City of Port Elizabeth*, built for the Ellerman and Bucknall South African service by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs Limited, is an impressive example of the shipbuilders' art, affording passenger amenities which are notably in advance of most vessels of similar capacity. The liner has an overall length of 541 ft.; she is 12,500 tons gross register; 19,645 tons displacement; has a cargo capacity of 10,500 tons and first-class accommodation for 107 passengers. In appearance the new liner, which has a curved raked stem, one mast, and an elliptical funnel

and a finely proportioned superstructure, is distinctive and graceful. The spacious bedrooms are a special feature of the passenger accommodation. Every room on "A" deck has a private bathroom and toilet *en suite*. The rooms on this deck include four exceptionally fine bed-sitting rooms, the beds in which can be concealed when not in use. The liner *City of Port Elizabeth* is due to make her maiden voyage to South Africa on January 10. Three additional similar vessels are under construction and expected to be in service by the end of 1953.

INSURANCE AGAINST EGYPTIAN FAMINE: NILE ENGINEERING WORKS.



THE GREAT OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME ON LAKE VICTORIA IN WHICH THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT HAS NOW AGREED TO CO-OPERATE WITH UGANDA: A PANORAMA OF THE CONSTRUCTION LOOKING SOUTH AND WEST. IT IS THE FIRST OF THE PROPOSED DAMS TO BE BUILT AT THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.



THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF WHAT THE ASPECT OF THE UGANDA ELECTRICITY BOARD'S GREAT CONSTRUCTION WILL BE WHEN IT IS COMPLETED. SIR ALEXANDER GIBB AND PARTNERS AND MESSRS. KENNEDY AND DONKIN HAVE DESIGNED THE DAM AND POWER STATION.



THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: A VIEW OF THE MAIN DAM AND COFFER DAM LOOKING DOWNSTREAM. THE INTEREST OF THE UGANDA GOVERNMENT IS CONFINED TO HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER, AND IT DOES NOT REQUIRE THE RAISING OF THE LEVEL OF LAKE VICTORIA, WHICH WOULD HOWEVER BENEFIT EGYPT.

On our facing page we give a relief map illustrating the huge scope of the scheme to harness and control the whole Nile, over which Egypt and the Sudan have now agreed. Here we show photographs of the Owen Falls Dam, first of the proposed dams to be built at the sources of the Nile, in course of construction; and an artist's impression of what its aspect will be when completed. The dam and power station, designed by Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners and Messrs. Kennedy and Donkin, will provide Uganda industry with power. The Uganda Electricity Board, established in 1947 under the chairmanship of Mr. C. R. Westlake, M.I.E.E.,

is carrying out the scheme. Uganda's interest being only in hydro-electric power, it has no need to raise the water-level of the lake. But it is understood that if Egypt came to an arrangement—which she now has—the height of the dam could be raised 3 ft. to store water for the Nile Valley, and thus provide insurance against famine. Lake Victoria will eventually become the largest reservoir in the world as to area and perhaps as to volume, and will provide a usable storage of about 100 milliards of cubic metres (roughly 80,000,000 acre feet).



THE NILE HARNESSSED: A RELIEF MAP ILLUSTRATING A SCHEME WHICH WILL INCREASE THE CULTIVATED AREA OF EGYPT.

Egypt and the Sudan have reached agreement on the project to control the whole Nile, which will eventually increase the cultivated area of Egypt and benefit the Sudan and other areas. In his book, "The Nile," Mr. H. E. Hurst, Scientific Consultant, Ministry of Public Works, Egypt, explains that the basic idea is to hold back or conserve water for use in years of drought. A reservoir in Lake Victoria controlled by a dam at the Owen Falls will also provide hydro-electric power for Uganda. A regulating barrage downstream of Lake Kioga will allow an increase of the discharge from Lake Victoria to be passed on without having first to raise the level of Lake Kioga. A reservoir in Lake Albert will be required, and the Lake Albert Dam will control the amount of water sent down from the Lake Plateau to the Sudan. The Jonglei Diversion Canal will carry water which would otherwise flow in the Bahr el Jebel (White Nile) and be lost in the Sud swamps. The Senna Dam, from which the Gezira scheme in the Sudan is irrigated, will be heightened; a new dam at Merowe

constructed; and a project to transform the Wadi el Rayan depression to form a flood protection reservoir is being studied. Ethiopia was approached before the war in regard to the use of Lake Tana as a reservoir, but negotiations which were broken off have not yet been restarted. This great project not only presents engineering problems, but political considerations, as the Nile flows through more than one territory, and negotiations have been held up between the Egyptian and Sudanese Governments for about a year. The project will take many years to complete. The equipment needed to construct the canal from Jonglei to Malakhal would take four years to collect, and some twenty years would be needed to finish the canal. The plan to use the Wadi el Rayan depression as a reservoir would entail carrying Nile water over or under roads and the railway, and through an escarpment. But, if the whole work be carried through, it is estimated that within twenty-five years the cultivated area of Egypt will be increased from 6,000,000 to some 10,000,000 acres.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

THE late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny became one of the best-known military figures in the world. In 1944, when he took part in the landing in Mediterranean France, his name was little known to the general public, though a certain number of people recalled the stout conduct of his division in the black months of 1940. After the war he wrote the history of the army which he had commanded in 1944 and 1945. This work has awaited translation into English over three years.* It is a genuine army history, not, as is commonly the case when the author is a soldier of so much eminence, a fraction of his autobiography. At the same time, though detailed and probably making a greater appeal to the military student than the average reader, it is touched by the writer's strong personality. He was fully occupied with other affairs when he wrote, and much of the research was done for him by others, but his own activities and opinions emerge from the record. In dealing with controversial matters he shows himself dignified, and he frequently pays tribute to the skill and resolution of German commanders and to the stout defence of German troops.

The First French Army was made up partly of forces which had already served in North Africa and Italy, and partly of new enrolments. It was provided with American arms and equipment, but during the campaign in France and Germany seldom if ever received a supply of ammunition on the scale of that of the American forces. When it landed in France it received its general directions from the commander of the American army which also took part in the expedition, the late General Patch. It did not become autonomous until after the junction with the invaders of North-west Europe had been effected on September 12, 1944. From thence onwards it formed part of the army group commanded by the American General Devers, a sympathetic man with whom de Lattre got on well, though the two found themselves engaged in sharp disputes. The first operation in which it took part was the liberation of Elba. This was well conducted and a useful initiation, but not of the first importance.

Almost immediately after the landing in France de Lattre was faced by one of those decisions which are more vital and indeed agonising in the career of arms than in any other. He stood in front of Toulon, a veritable fortress. He had 16,000 men, 30 tanks and 80 medium guns. He estimated the garrison at 25,000 men, behind concrete, with guns in casemates. Should he attack at once and risk a costly repulse, or await his second echelon and lose the advantage of surprise? He chose the former alternative. "After all, if one surprise attack should fail, it should be possible to halt it and await reinforcement in order to begin again—but under another commander, of course." The business was admirably conducted, as was the subsequent capture of Marseilles, though even bigger risks were taken there. The landing and the capture of the two cities took twelve days. From now on de Lattre had to deal with a difficulty which haunted

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE COMMANDER'S HISTORY OF HIS ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

who were fighting and dying a few kilometres away." Flank-guard tasks were piled upon the army, which thus failed to break through the Vosges when success was almost in its grasp. He had to abandon the main thrust through Gérardmer, but he made up for this check by a sudden stroke farther south which carried him through the Gap of Belfort. On November 19 the French First Army reached the Rhine, being the first to do so.

A sharp battle about Burnhaupt ended with the defeat of a bold counter-offensive. De Lattre then turned to the reduction of the "Colmar Pocket," a huge German-held salient. The Germans had been reinforced and meant to hold it, on the Hitlerian principle, though they would have been wiser to abandon it. The operation had hardly been begun when the German offensive in the Ardennes caused



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE FRENCH COAST, IN THE POLISH LINER *Batory*, BEFORE THE LANDING IN SOUTHERN FRANCE IN 1944: THE LATE GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, WITH HIS SON, WHO WAS LATER KILLED IN INDO-CHINA.

General Eisenhower to issue orders for a withdrawal to the slopes of the Vosges and the abandonment of liberated Strasbourg. This created a major political crisis. General de Gaulle succeeded in getting the orders cancelled, but the Germans came near to recapturing the city because the resources of the defence were so slender. When the danger had been brought to an end the French First Army, now reinforced by an American corps, returned to the task of obliterating the "Colmar Pocket," and did the work after a fierce battle in the snow. It was a trying struggle in which the French suffered 13,000 battle casualties, besides many from frost-bite and exposure. It ended on February 9, 1945, when the last German forces on the French front were driven over the Rhine.

From the first de Lattre had been deeply conscious of the political importance which this campaign represented for the French nation. A French corps had fought, and fought well, in Italy under General Juin, and before that ill-armed French troops had done good service in Tunisia. The campaign in France was, however, the first in which a French army had taken part since the disaster of 1940. Its achievement would long be remembered, for good or ill. The commander was determined that the memory should be a glorious one. Its achievement had been good enough already, but he meant to see it crowned by the triumph of a victorious invasion of Germany. Now the American command desired to use its available bridging material farther north and to cut down the French effort almost to vanishing point. Yet again persuasion aroused American generosity of spirit, and it was aided by the fact that an engineer officer had hidden the material for a bridge over the Rhine in this area ever since 1940. The passage of the Rhine was none the less a fine feat of improvisation and attended by serious risks. It proved completely successful.

De Lattre took the bold decision to plunge straight into the Black Forest instead of moving along its northern flank. His reasons for these tactics were

that in no other way could he bring all his forces into action and avoid the risk of being attacked in flank from the depths of the forest by the strong German forces ensconced in it. Readers who take an interest in the art of war should study the sketch-map on pages 450-451, which reveals the bold and skilful manoeuvre by which he cleared the forest, almost annihilated the German armies

opposed to him, captured Stuttgart on his left flank, and thrust with his right to the Danube and Lake Constance. Admittedly the Germans were nearing the end of their power to resist, but, to begin with, at all events, they fought stoutly. In one respect only did de Lattre partially fail. The invasion was on so vast a scale and the reports concentrated to so great an extent on the centre and left of the advance that, even in France, the achievement of the army he commanded was not fully recognised at the time. This state of affairs the publication of the French version of his book did something to remedy.

The story ends with a lively account of the author's trip to Berlin to append his signature to the document recording the capitulation of the Reich. This affair seems to have been marked by curious confusion. For instance, as the result of a change of mind as to who should sign as representing contracting parties and who as witnesses, all the first and last pages of the protocols had to be retyped at the last moment, and eighteen copies had to be produced instead of nine. After almost starving earlier in the day, de Lattre sat down at 1.30 a.m. next morning to Marshal Zuhov's banquet, which ended at 7 a.m. Twenty-seven toasts were drunk. Mr. Vyshinsky distinguished himself by saying in honour of France that she was the cradle of all revolutionary movements and comparing the revolutionary volunteers of 1792 with the men of the Maquis who had fought the Germans. And when the interpreter translated his words into French, he reproved him for not having fully brought out their meaning. Mr. Vyshinsky never fluffs his opportunities.

It is saddening that, so far as is known, de Lattre did not live to write his personal memoirs. He possessed a considerable gift for writing, and it is interesting to note that the recently-published letters of his only son, who was killed in Indo-China, reveal the latter as a brilliant correspondent, sensitive to atmosphere and able to evoke it. His own place must remain doubtful. The defeat of France in 1940 limited his experience of high command in Europe, but he could hardly have accomplished more than he did. His service in Indo-China was also brief, but added greatly to his reputation in a theatre of war in which no other has been fully maintained. It revealed him as statesman and psychologist as well as soldier. It showed that he was equally at home in two kinds of warfare which could not have differed more widely. In the campaign in France and Germany he combined the skill of a master of manoeuvre with the determination of a commander whom nothing will



THE "BIG FOUR" IN BERLIN ON JUNE 5, 1945: (FROM L. TO R.) GENERALS MONTGOMERY, EISENHOWER, ZUKHOV AND DE LATTRE.

Illustrations reproduced from "The History of the French First Army," by Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny; by courtesy of the publishers, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

him throughout: how to concentrate sufficient forces to hit the enemy hard and to defeat his counter-attacks while covering the long flank created by the northward progress of the United States Seventh Army. The most notable features of the pursuit were the capture of Autun and the heading-off of the German forces retreating from the south-west.

The junction with Patton's army marked the end of the rush. Henceforth progress had to be fought for. The handicaps were numerous. African troops who could not stand the winter had to be sent away and replaced largely by troops of the Resistance, difficult men to handle. Morale was touched by the spectacle of young men living in idle tranquillity while the soldiers were dying—on the outskirts of Marseilles, on the terrace of a hotel where he held a conference, the Army Commander had been astonished to find "young men and pretty girls scantily dressed, nonchalantly sipping iced drinks, indifferent to the men

* "The History of the French First Army." By Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. Translated by Malcolm Barnes. With a Preface by General Eisenhower and an Appreciation by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Allen and Unwin: 425.)



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (EXTREME LEFT) VISITING THE FRENCH 1ST ARMY IN A SNOWSTORM NEAR BESANCON ON NOVEMBER 13, 1944—"THE DAY THAT SHOULD HAVE MARKED THE OFFENSIVE THAT WAS TO FREE ALSACE."

deflect from a vital objective. Yet the evidence it affords is not quite sufficient, because a large proportion of the German troops opposed to his army were of low quality.

I do not know whether the general public will read this history, which may be found too professional and detailed for a part of it. I can confidently recommend it to military students, who will, in my opinion, get good value from reading it. At the same time, it is not without human interest. De Lattre had an eye for the dramatic and the unusual. He writes directly and forcibly, though some of his vigour is lost in translation. The book also reflects his spirit. Yet, once again, so that readers shall know what they are in for, it is not a work of reminiscence but a carefully compiled history of an army, with the advantage, not generally found in such a work, that the commander's mind is revealed and that we know his views on every problem with which he was faced. Some of the photographs in the French edition are missing in the English, but it is still plentifully illustrated. There are no maps in the true sense. The sketches show the operations clearly, but do not tell us much about the country.

CIVIL DEFENCE TRAINING: VIVID MODELS AT THE NEW TACTICAL SCHOOL.



AT THE NEWLY-OPENED CIVIL DEFENCE TACTICAL SCHOOL: (LEFT) THE HOME SECRETARY, SIR D. MAXWELL FYFE, WITH THE COMMANDANT, MAJOR-GENERAL BRUCE.



SHEFFIELD, AS IT MIGHT BE AFTER ATOMIC BOMBING: A MODEL AT THE C.D. TACTICAL SCHOOL. THE CHURCH (CENTRE) IS IN THEORY 1520 YARDS FROM THE EXPLOSION.



A MODEL OF A CIVIL DEFENCE MOBILE COLUMN, THE FIRST OF WHICH BEGINS TRAINING IN JANUARY. IT COMPRISES 152 VEHICLES, WITH AN ESTABLISHMENT OF 800 PERSONS.



A RELIEF LANDSCAPE MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON. WHILE SOUTHAMPTON IS BEING USED AS THE "GUINEA-PIG" TOWN AT THE C.D. STAFF COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THE TYPE OF INDUSTRIAL TOWN IN THE STUDIES AT THE C.D. TACTICAL SCHOOL.

On December 15 Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, opened the Civil Defence tactical school which has been built in the grounds of the Civil Defence Staff College at Sunningdale. This school is to house fifty students and the first full course was timed to open on January 12. It is to provide training for officers who will be in control of operations at or near damaged areas, and so is a link between the practical instruction given at the technical training schools and the

higher-level direction of the staff college. The tactical school has chosen as its "guinea-pig" industrial target the town of Sheffield; and one of its most striking features is a large-scale model of Sheffield as it might be supposed to be after the explosion of an atomic bomb. In opening the school, Sir D. Maxwell Fyfe said that he regarded the staff college and tactical school as foreshadowing the integration of Civil Defence among the N.A.T.O. Powers.

NEWS FROM ABROAD IN PICTURES: AN AIR DISASTER, A LAW SUIT, AND OTHER ITEMS.



LYING AT ANCHOR IN PORT AT ADEN, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN DETAINED SINCE JUNE, 1952: THE 632-TON TANKER *ROSE MARY*, WHOSE CARGO OF OIL IS THE SUBJECT OF A LAW SUIT. The case brought by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company at Aden, in which the Company seeks to establish ownership of the oil cargo of the tanker *Rose Mary*, which has been detained at Aden since June last year, was concluded on December 19, and Judge Campbell reserved judgment until January 9. The tanker was on her way from Bandar Mashur to Italy.



DEPICTING A STURDY AMSTERDAM DOCK WORKER: A MEMORIAL TO THE SO-CALLED FEBRUARY STRIKE IN 1941, WHICH WAS UNVEILED BY QUEEN JULIANA (RIGHT).

On December 19 Queen Juliana of the Netherlands unveiled a memorial commemorating the strike of workers in Amsterdam in February, 1941, when for two days everybody stopped work in protest against the treatment of Jews by the Nazi occupation forces. The memorial depicts a sturdy Amsterdam dock worker, and is the work of the sculptor Mari Andriess. Prince Bernhard can be seen in Army uniform.



CLAIMED AS BEING ABLE TO COVER A BURNING AIRCRAFT WITH 15,000 GALLONS OF SMOTHERING FOAM: A NEW SYSTEM OF EXTINGUISHING FIRE DEMONSTRATED IN AMERICA.

The U.S. Bureau of Aeronautics and the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington have demonstrated a new system of extinguishing aircraft fires by foam. The use of foam for this purpose is well known, but the latest application enables an immense volume—15,000 gallons—of the smothering material to be blown on the fire. Our dramatic photograph, taken during a demonstration, illustrates how a burning aircraft could be completely enveloped.



AN EXPERIMENTAL AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION: INVASION CRAFT LEAVING *TORTUGA*, A FLOATING DRY-DOCK, IN SAGAMI BAY, JAPAN, DURING U.S. ARMY EXERCISES.

Tortuga, a floating dry-dock, was used recently by the U.S. Army in experimental amphibious operations in Sagami Bay, Japan. Invasion craft were brought to the scene in the dry-dock and then "hatched out" to make their way ashore. A study was made of water action during the launching of tracked landing vehicles, including the armoured types seen on the left in our photograph.



AT BELEAGUERED NA-SAM, IN NORTH-WEST INDO-CHINA: A VIEW OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND H.Q. OF THE ENTRENCHED CAMP.

At the time of writing, the latest reports about Na-Sam, the fortified airstrip in north-west Indo-China, in which some 10,000 to 15,000 French Union troops, isolated except by air, face strong Communist forces, indicate that for the present it is secure. Recent frontal attacks against Na-Sam have proved expensive for the Viet-Minh and unsuccessful. The defences of Na-Sam are said to be invincible so long as air supply can be maintained.



THE WORST DISASTER IN AVIATION HISTORY, IN WHICH EIGHTY-SIX WERE KILLED: THE REMAINS OF THE DOUGLAS C.124 *GLOBEMASTER* WHICH CRASHED NEAR MOSES LAKE, U.S.A.

A terrible disaster occurred near Moses Lake, Washington, on December 20, when an American military transport aircraft, a Douglas C.124 *Globemaster*, crashed on taking off and burned. It was carrying 116 persons, the passengers all American service men on Christmas leave. Eighty-four of the occupants were killed at once, including all the crew of twelve save one. Two others died later and, at the time of writing, two were reported critically ill. The cause of the crash is unknown.

IN KENYA: IDENTIFYING MAU MAU ADHERENTS, AND SIR EVELYN BARING'S TOUR OF KIKUYU COUNTRY.



(ABOVE.) MAU MAU ADHERENTS BEING IDENTIFIED AT SAGANA. THE METHOD EMPLOYED IS ILLUSTRATED IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE RIGHT.

THE Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, made his long-awaited statement on further measures to deal with the emergency, on December 22. The first was the appointment of a personal staff officer, Colonel G. Rimbault, to co-ordinate the activities of all Government officers in the field. Other measures are the compulsory reintroduction among the Kikuyu of a record of employment, imposition of a special tax of 20s. a year on members of the tribe as a contribution towards the costs of the emergency, and prohibition of the opening of any further independent schools in the foreseeable future. All police and military forces in Kenya were ordered to remain at their posts over Christmas, as it was believed that Mau Mau terrorists were likely to be particularly dangerous during that period. Before Sir Evelyn Baring flew to London on December 11 for his short visit, during which he had important discussions about the situation in Kenya, he made a four-day tour of the Mau Mau country north of Nairobi.

(RIGHT.) ADDRESSING A GATHERING OF LOYAL CHIEFS' SPEARMEN AT ATHAYA: SIR EVELYN BARING, GOVERNOR OF KENYA, DURING HIS TOUR OF THE KIKUYU COUNTRY.



AT KAREMA CATHOLIC MISSION, IN THE NYERI DISTRICT: SIR EVELYN BARING, BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR LONDON, WITH A GATHERING OF LOYAL CHIEFS' SPEARMEN.



PEERING OUT AT THE SUSPECTS LINED UP OUTSIDE: A POLICE INFORMER WHOSE IDENTITY IS KEPT SECRET. WHEN A POLICE OFFICER INDICATES A SUSPECT, THE INFORMER PUSHES A SLIP OF PAPER THROUGH THE SLIT.



INSPECTING A NEW POLICE POST RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE: SIR EVELYN BARING, WHO SAW LOCAL TRIBESMEN AT WORK ON EXTENSIONS.



STILL ON THE SECRET LIST AND STILL ACCORDED THE FULLEST "SUPER-PRIORITY": THE VICKERS VALIANT, BRITAIN'S FIRST LONG-RANGE FOUR-JET BOMBER.

The Vickers Valiant, of which we show a drawing of the second prototype, is the first British four-jet bomber and one of the six types—the Canberra, the Hunter, the Swift, the Javelin, the Valiant and the Gannet—to which "super-priority" of production was granted by the Government. It was guardedly exhibited at the S.B.A.C. Show at Farnborough in the autumn—but at the date of writing almost no particulars as to its dimensions or performance had been released. It was made clear on December 18 that the cuts in the defence programme in no way affected

the production of these "super-priority" types and, in fact, with the cuts in other models, it was clear, that this country's Service aircraft were bound increasingly to reliance on these new and advanced types. Of the Valiant, all the released information to date is that it is a four-jet long-range bomber, and that it is powered with four Rolls-Royce Avon turbojets. It has been conjectured by those who have seen it in flight that its speed is in the neighbourhood of 600 m.p.h., but this is conjecture and meets with neither confirmation nor denial from official sources. It will be

remembered that the first prototype of the Valiant crashed on January 12, 1952, but this in no way affected production of the second prototype. Nothing is known of the differences between the two except in their outward physical features. Of these, the most definite are in the air intakes, rooted in the wings. In the first prototype, the slot in each wing was straight-sided and grilled throughout its length. In the second prototype the slot is roughly mouth-shaped, and the outer section is grilled, while the inner section is apparently open. But it is known that the Service

chiefs have the highest possible opinion of this aircraft; and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd (chief of R.A.F. Bomber Command), speaking on November 21, said that there was nothing in the world to equal the Valiant and the Vulcan (the Avro delta-wing bomber) aircraft, which would soon be in Bomber Command. "Our best, and indeed our only, hope," he said, "to-day for preventing war is to have in our hands so terrifying and devastating a weapon that none dare try conclusions with us. That weapon is a bomber such as the Valiant and the Vulcan."

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER.

WHERE ALEXANDER THE GREAT CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT:

EXCAVATIONS WHICH THROW NEW LIGHT ON THE PHRYGIANS AND HITTITES OF ANCIENT GORDION.

By RODNEY S. YOUNG, Ph.D., Field Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum's expedition at Yassihoyük.

THE Phrygians are among the least-known of the peoples of the ancient world. According to Homer, they were allies and kinsmen of the Trojans, whose Queen, Hecuba, was a daughter of Dymas.

are apparent gaps, the mound was probably inhabited continuously from about 2500 B.C. The area opened in the lower levels is, up to the present, too small to predicate decisively any periods of abandonment, and

the "Copper Age," toward the end of the third millennium B.C. The second layer is of the time of the Hittite Empire in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries, succeeded by two Phrygian layers which are characterised by an abundance of grey-ware pottery. Painted "Phrygian" ware appears only in the upper of these two layers, probably to be dated in the eighth and seventh centuries. Though there

potsherds from all phases have been found. An abundance of sub-Hittite or post-Hittite pottery suggests that considerable time may have elapsed between the fall of the Hittite Empire and the coming of the Phrygians.

Only the two uppermost levels and a small settlement of Roman times, limited to the south end of the mound, have been extensively examined during the first two campaigns. Except in the area of the Roman settlement nothing has been found in the uppermost layer that need be dated much later than 200 B.C. Gordion in the third century seems to have been an agricultural market-town, its houses—farmsteads, perhaps—somewhat scattered and well stocked with grindstones and large jars or *pitthoi* for the storage of produce. The inhabitants had become strongly Hellenized in consequence of the passing of Alexander's

to the whole region. The cult of the Phrygian Cybele continued, but the goddess had herself become Hellenized, as is shown by a large terracotta figure, nearly 2 ft. high, of Cybele seated on a throne and holding patera and tympanum (Fig. 13). The figure is sculptural in style and may well have been adapted from some well-known Greek statue of the goddess. A hoard of 114 silver tetradrachms of Alexander and his successors, found in a coarse jug tucked into the foundations of a house of the highest level, suggests that the city was suddenly abandoned early in the second century, and that the inhabitants did not return to recover their valuables. The evidence of this hoard bears out that of the other small finds from the uppermost layer, which suggest that the city was abandoned around 200 B.C.; and a statement of Livy that the Roman general Cn. Manlius Vulso, on a punitive expedition against the Galatians in 189, found the city abandoned at the approach of his army, may offer a more precise date.

Beneath the Hellenistic layer lies the city of the time of the Persian Empire, from the mid-sixth through the mid-fourth century B.C. Large buildings of massive construction and laid out on a grand scale give evidence for an initial phase of high prosperity followed by a gradual decline. At some time in the late fifth or early fourth century they were damaged, probably by earthquake, and roughly repaired; later in the fourth century they were destroyed, almost certainly by earthquake. Thereafter their ruins were used as quarries for building material by the Hellenistic and Galatian settlers. Nevertheless, they give us some impression of Phrygian architecture in archaic times. Part of the gateway through the city wall at the east side of the town is shown in Fig. 1. Only a small part of the wall itself has been cleared, since it proved to be nearly 25 ft. in thickness. Its construction is the same as that of the north wall of the gateway, itself about 18 ft. thick: two faces of masonry in heavy squared blocks, laid parallel to each other and filled between with a core of small stone and rubble strengthened by heavy timbers laid transversely through its thickness to serve as binders and to take some of the pressure from the masonry faces. This stone construction went to a height of about 10 ft., and supported a superstructure of crude brick. The height of the masonry can be estimated not only from the south wall of the building, in one place preserved to its full height, but also from the fallen inner (west) wall of the gate proper, where the courses lay in order as they fell, probably in consequence of an earthquake, and from the wooden jambs, preserved to their full length, which had fallen from the south side of the inner doorway. In plan the gate building consisted of a central block, with outer and paved inner courts, flanked on either side by a court backed against the inner face of the city wall and entered from the city side through a pillared portico. The bases for four of the six wooden pillars, each about 14 ins. square, are preserved *in situ*; the other two may be restored with reasonable certainty at the inner ends of the



FIG. 1. PART OF THE SOUTH WALL OF THE GATEHOUSE OF PHRYGIAN GORDION—OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.—PRESERVED TO ITS FULL HEIGHT. THREE COURSES DOWN CAN BE SEEN THE SLOT FOR THE WOODEN BEAM WHICH CARRIED THE DECORATIVE TILES. (SEE FIGS. 11 AND 12.)

King of Phrygia. The Phrygians are thought to have entered Asia Minor from Europe by way of Thrace and the straits, and their migration to have played a part in the overthrow of the Hittite Empire during the twelfth century B.C. However that may be, the Phrygians were well settled in central Anatolia by the ninth century, and had taken over the hegemony of that part of the world. Under its dynasty of kings named Gordius and Midas, which had its capital at Gordion, the Phrygian Kingdom flourished and expanded. The defeat of a King Mita, interpreted as Midas, by Sargon II. about 715 B.C., is mentioned in Assyrian records. The Phrygian power had evidently by then expanded sufficiently toward the south-east to come into conflict with the Assyrian Empire. Shortly thereafter, near the beginning of the seventh century, the Phrygian power was supposedly broken by the incursion of the Kimmerians, and the hegemony of Western Anatolia passed to the Lydians under the Mermnad Dynasty.

Much of the early history of Phrygia is conjectural, and the purpose of the University Museum in digging at Gordion is to throw some light on the obscure period when the Phrygian Kingdom was at its height, and to determine what was the relation of the Phrygians to the Hittite Empire which came before, and what their influence on early Greek culture, in its formative stage at the time of their greatest expansion. We know, for example, that the Greeks received from Phrygia the cult of the great Mother Goddess, Cybele, and that they also received, perhaps as a concomitant to her rites, the style of music known as the Phrygian mode.

The site at Yassihoyük, beside the Şangarios River, some sixty miles south-west of Ankara, fills all the topographical requirements for that of ancient Gordion, and its identification as Gordion has hardly been questioned since the excavation done there by G. and A. Körte in 1900. A large *tell* lying beside the river was the site of the city proper; a smaller mound just to the south-east, and another to the north, seem to have been outlying settlements. The higher ground above the flood plain of the river to east and south-east was occupied by the necropolis, and the slopes are covered with tumuli heaped over the graves of the dead. Of these nearly eighty may be counted from the summit of the largest, which is itself about 150 ft. high.

A deep pit sunk near the centre of the city mound has shown six major occupation layers, the earliest of

Roman settlement nothing has been found in the uppermost layer that need be dated much later than 200 B.C. Gordion in the third century seems to have been an agricultural market-town, its houses—farmsteads, perhaps—somewhat scattered and well stocked with grindstones and large jars or *pitthoi* for the storage of produce. The inhabitants had become strongly Hellenized in consequence of the passing of Alexander's



FIG. 2. A KITCHEN REVEALED IN THE GORDION NECROPOLIS. IN THE CENTRE IS A BRICK BIN FOR STORING WHEAT; TO THE LEFT OF IT A KNEADING TROUGH; TO THE RIGHT, THE REMAINS OF TWO OVENS; AND, EXTREME LEFT, A NUMBER OF DISCARDED GRINDSTONES.

army; a large number of *graffiti* written in Greek have been found. One *graffito*, written in the Greek alphabet, bears a Gaulish name, that of a member of the Galatian tribes which settled in this part of Anatolia in the third century and eventually gave their name

porticoes. The cityward façade of the gate building, about 165 ft. in length, thus consisted of a central doorway flanked at either side by a portico with three square wooden pillars *in antis*. As no fragments of a stone entablature have been found we must assume

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 3. A BURIAL WHICH HINTS AT THE PROBABILITY OF HUMAN SACRIFICE. ON THE RIGHT IS A WOODEN COFFIN CONTAINING A SKELETON, WITH, LEFT, A SKELETON OF PERHAPS A WIFE OR SERVANT KILLED TO ACCOMPANY THE DEAD MAN.

Continued.

that the roof was of wood, clay and tiles. The building, however, was lavishly decorated with friezes of painted tiles. Wooden beams set horizontally into the faces of the masonry, one line above the fourth course, a second above the seventh, served to support these tile friezes, affixed to the wood by round-headed iron nails passing through holes in the tiles (Figs. 11 and 12). Other tiles, without holes, served as *cymas* along the edge of the roof, and half-round decorated tiles masked the ends of the roof-tiles. The tiles were moulded with the decoration in relief, and usually painted in red and black on a white slip. Such decorative friezes of tiles are characteristic of Anatolia, and have been found at Pazarli, Sardis and Larisa, on the Hermos. The wooden framework which supported

HITTITE AND PHRYGIAN BURIALS, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.



FIG. 4. A HITTITE BURIAL OF THE FIFTEENTH TO THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. THE BODY WAS DOUBLED UP AND INSERTED IN THE LARGE JAR, OR PITHOS, SMALL OFFERINGS WERE INCLUDED, AND THE JAR SEALED WITH A STONE SLAB.

them at Gordion may well be a carry-over from earlier construction in crude-brick. The fine archaic polygonal walls of Larisa are interrupted by narrow courses of stone which give the same effect as do the beams laid into the faces of the Gordion walls. A building of crude-brick in the smaller settlement to the south-east of the city mound at Gordion was reinforced by a framework of heavy timbers laid horizontally and vertically in the brickwork. This building was destroyed by fire after a battle at about the middle of the sixth century, perhaps in the course of a mopping-up operation against the Lydian garrison during the march of Cyrus to Sardis in 547-546 B.C. A fragment of an archaic inscription written in the Phrygian alphabet might give us a clue, could we read it, to the events of the sixth century (Fig. 14). It was evidently part of a stele inscribed "boustrophedon," the writing running from the top downward, then upward in the second line. Smaller inscriptions appear on the top and the preserved side. In the necropolis to the east of the city graves have been opened which give information to supplement that gathered from most of the layers of the settlement. The tumuli, or cone-shaped mounds, heaped over the graves were themselves expensive monuments which required plentiful labour to build, and they probably mark only the graves of the rich. The method followed in the heaping of these tumuli, in order that the centre or peak should remain at a fixed point, planned in advance, was to lay down lines of stones across the diameter of the tumulus and crossing at the intended centre. Every two or three feet as

[Continued below.]



FIG. 5. A GRAVE TUMULUS EXCAVATED IN SUCH A WAY AS TO SHOW THREE OF THE RADIAL LINES OF SMALL STONES, WHICH WERE USED BY THE BUILDERS TO KEEP THE SHAPE CONSTANT AND REGULAR. IN SOME INSTANCES HOUSES WERE BURIED IN THE TUMULI.

Continued.

the mound rose these guide-lines were renewed, so that the crossing-point at the centre was never lost sight of and the position of the peak could not shift as the earth was heaped. Fig. 5, showing three of these guide-lines as they converge toward the centre of the tumulus, also shows how the lines of stones were renewed as the earth was heaped. In several instances houses, which perhaps had been occupied in life by the dead, were buried beneath the grave tumuli. One such house contained a well-equipped kitchen, nicknamed the "bakery," with a bin of crude-brick for the storage of wheat, eleven stone grinders for making flour, a kneading-trough lined with fine clay, and two ovens for baking the bread



FIG. 6. A CIST GRAVE (RIGHT) OF THE END OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM—A FLINT KNIFE CAN BE SEEN BESIDE THE SKELETON'S NECK—AND (LEFT) A LATER BUT DEEPER BURIAL OF PHRYGIAN TIMES. THE CIST GRAVE IS THE EARLIEST YET FOUND AT GORDION.

(Fig. 2). A handsome jug of Phrygian grey ware, of thin fabric with black-polished surface, was probably part of the dinner-service of this sixth-century household (Fig. 9). The graves of the sixth century are rich, reflecting the same prosperity bespoken in the town by the big buildings of the same date. Three tumuli of the mid-sixth century covered the remains of cremation pyres, in each of which was found an abundance of gold and electrum jewellery, evidently thrown on the pyre after the fire had died down. The finest piece is a bracelet of gold decorated with lion heads (Figs. 15 and 16), a striking example of the craftsmanship of the Phrygian (or Lydian) jewellers of archaic times. Burial rather than

[Continued overleaf]

THE GOLD LION BRACELET OF GORDION, FINE POTTERY OF THE PHRYGIANS



FIG. 7. FOUR POTTS DISCOVERED IN A SINGLE PHRYGIAN GRAVE. THE PRESENCE OF THE BOWL WITH THE BIRD DESIGN HELPS TO DATE THE LOCAL RED- AND BLACK-POLISHED WARE, AS IT IS AN IMPORTED PIECE OF EAST GREEK WORK, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 8. THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST OF THE HITTITE POTTS OF THE FIFTEENTH TO THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN THE THIRTY OR SO GRAVES OF THAT PERIOD. IT IS OF PLAIN BUFF WARE.



FIG. 10. FROM THE LOWEST, "COPPER AGE," LAYER OF THE CITY MOUND: A HAND-MADE DIPPER OF FINELY-POLISHED BROWN WARE.

FIG. 9. A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL PHRYGIAN JUG, WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE "BAKERY" OF FIG. 2. IT IS OF GREY WARE IN A THIN FABRIC WITH A BLACK-POLISHED SURFACE.



FIGS. 11 AND 12. FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE PHRYGIAN CITY: TWO MOULDED AND PAINTED TILES WHICH WERE USED AS DECORATIONS TO THE EXTERIOR WALLS. THROUGH THE PREPARED HOLES THEY WERE FIXED TO WOODEN BEAMS WHICH RAN AS COURSES BETWEEN THE COURSES OF STONE. SEE FIG. 1.

Furthermore, cremation seems to have been the Phrygian practice in the seventh century and earlier. Beneath the tumuli, and usually well away from the centre, are found large wooden chambers, heaped over with thick layers of stones, and containing the skeletons of the dead, sometimes in coffins, sometimes simply laid out on the floor. One such chamber contained two skeletons, one in a wooden coffin, the other laid on the floor beside it (Fig. 3). As both burials must have been made at the same time, the practice of human sacrifice among the Phrygians becomes a distinct possibility: a wife or servant may have been killed in order to accompany the master to the other world. The grave offerings in these chamber burials were usually poor, perhaps because the heaping of a large tumulus as a monument

over the grave was in itself a sufficient expense. One such grave, however, contained four small vases of which one, a "bird-bowl" of East Greek fabric, is an import to be dated near the middle of the seventh century (Fig. 7). Its presence in the grave offers a useful clue to the dating of the local Phrygian red- and black-polished jugs found with it; the black-polished jug is of essentially the same shape, though less developed, as the one from the "bakery" (Fig. 9). About thirty graves of Hittite times (fifteenth to thirteenth centuries) have been found. Most of these are *pitheo*-burials with the dead doubled up in a large earthenware jar (Fig. 4). The small offerings, vases and jewellery of bronze and gold wire, were placed with the body in the jar, its mouth sealed by flat stone slabs. Other

AND HITTITES, AND A STATUETTE OF THE GREAT MOTHER GODDESS CYBELE.



FIG. 13. FROM THE GALATIAN SETTLEMENT OF GORDION IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: A TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE OF CYBELE, NEARLY 2 FT. HIGH, ENTHRONED WITH PATERA AND TYMPANUM, PERHAPS BASED ON SOME GREEK STATUE.



FIG. 14. A FRAGMENT OF AN ARCHAIC INSCRIPTION IN THE PHRYGIAN ALPHABET, NOT YET INTELLIGIBLE. SMALLER INSCRIPTIONS ALSO APPEAR ON THE RIGHT-HAND FACE AND ON THE UNDERSIDE.

burials, apparently made in cists in the ground, contained skeletons in the same doubled-up position, though less cramped, as those in the *pitheo*. In one of these six straight bronze pins indicate by their positions the arrangement of the cloth garment which they had served to fasten. The pottery offered in the burials is mostly of undecorated buff ware, though a few examples of Hittite red-polished ware were found. The handsomest of the Hittite vases is an elegantly-shaped "teapot" with a long spout (Fig. 8). The earliest of the graves found belongs to the "Copper Age" at the end of the Third Millennium, and to the lowest layer of the settlement. The body had been laid on its side in a doubled-up position, in an oval cist lined with flat stone slabs: part of its



FIGS. 15 AND 16. A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE PHRYGIAN (OR LYDIAN) JEWELLERS OF THE MID-SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A GOLD BRACELET (ABOVE) WITH LION HEAD ENDS, ONE OF WHICH IS SHOWN ENLARGED BELOW, FROM ONE OF THE CREMATION BURIALS, WHICH WERE RICH IN GOLD AND ELECTRUM JEWELLERY.

circumference had been cut away by a later burial, probably Phrygian (Fig. 6). The grave offerings, two crude hand-made pots and a flint knife with a bronze hook, had been placed in the cist with the body. The pottery from this grave does not compare in quality with a "dipper" from the contemporary lowest layer of the city mound, hand-made of finely-polished brown ware, its handle rising above the rim (Fig. 10). The excavations at Gordion have shown thus far that the site was continuously occupied from the Third Millennium to the early second century B.C. Only the uppermost layers of the city, and a small part of the cemetery, have been examined. It is hoped that deeper digging during subsequent campaigns may throw more light on the settlements of Phrygian and Hittite times.



PROFESSOR ROBB is Professor of Art History in the University of Pennsylvania and has spent five years in the formidable task of writing a history of painting in the Occident. The result is a handsome

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FOURTEEN THOUSAND YEARS OF PAINTING.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

Thereupon the Professor descends from his chair and says this: "It hardly needs to be remarked that the expressive effect of a stained-glass window cannot be suggested adequately by any reproduction. Only by direct observation can it be sensed. Seen thus, whether softly glowing in the subdued illumination of an overcast day or brilliantly radiant as the rays of a westering sun pass through it, *Notre Dame de la Belle-Verrière* is an unforgettable experience"; and then he quotes the words of the great Abbot Suger of St. Denis,

who was Regent of France during the Second Crusade: "... I seemed to find myself, as it were, in some strange part of the universe which was neither wholly of the baseness of the earth, nor wholly of the serenity of heaven, but by the grace of God I seemed lifted in a mystic manner from this lower toward that upper sphere."

A man, then, of sense and sensibility—Professor Robb, I mean, for it is his book, not the Abbot's, with which we are dealing—who has set out to write an encyclopaedia and remembers from time to time that scholarship becomes more palatable if leavened by personal experience of things seen and deeply felt—and if occasionally he seems to walk a precarious tight-rope in the upper air of academic theory, he soon descends to ground-level—and very shrewd some of his comments can be. He speaks of "the episodic, anecdotal and detailed style, of drawing combined with rather flat and locally accurate color which prevails in pre-Raphaelite painting as a whole." Then he continues:

"It is against this and the socially acceptable flattering art of the Academy that Whistler's achievement must be viewed, for otherwise it lends itself to criticism as being little more than fastidious simplification and evasion of reality... his painting seldom seems more than a momentary interlude of feeling, having the charm and fleeting beauty of a strain of music heard by chance but never recovered... For where Whistler sought to escape from reality into dreams that are lyric in their suggestion, Manet viewed the life around him and is explicit and positive in his formal interpretation of it."

Here is Hogarth summed up in a single sentence: "Hogarth is to English painting what Laurence Sterne, Samuel Richardson and Oliver Goldsmith are to English literature." Of Sir Joshua's portraits of women and children, "Like the forcefulness and dignity distinguishing his best masculine figures, they grow out of the directness of his experience of his subjects and reveal him as a better artist than the following of his own theories could ever have made him. In a world where mundane values constituted the highest moral code, Reynolds' art could not have gone farther and still been of that world."

All the above, culled at random as I turn over the pages, seem to me sound and illuminating. But here is something else—it sounds very imposing and the subject is dear, simple Chardin. "For the new patrons of painting, the inductive method of seventeenth-century

painters who abstracted patterns of monumental dignity from their apprehension of reality was no longer valid... Instead, a deductive approach was demanded which involved a forthright description of the phenomena of nature." What Chardin, who abstracted patterns of monumental dignity from pots and pans and tablecloths and fashioned sonnets from them, would have made of this, I don't know—and how astonished he would be, this honest old poet, if he knew he was, in fact, making a deductive approach and one, moreover, demanded by his clients. Thus can fine critics sometimes fall from grace and fog both themselves and their readers.

The author's analyses of some of the individual pictures by great masters are much more to my taste and will, I am sure, be far more helpful to the majority of his readers than his more discursive generalities. He has some quiet phrases which remain in the memory about most men from Giotto to Picasso, and I think this, concerning that astonishing portrait by El Greco of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain which is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and is one of the world's very great portraits, is a good example of his combination of insight and good sense. "What strikes the observer first of all is the formidable character of this man who was sworn to protect the faith even at the cost of every humane sentiment. The effect is attained by the unobtrusive yet inevitable centering of the design upon the face and the two subordinate focal-points of the hands, by the flaring triangles of the sumptuously painted robe and the accentuating smaller surface rhythms of the white vestment. The subtly-contrasted hands are posed quietly yet seem only momentarily at rest. The galvanising energy that animates them is held briefly under control by the imperious mind for which the face is but a mask through which no gleam of personal feeling may pass. The eyes behind the heavy glasses look past the observer as if not even to the artist could Guevara concede the possibility that he was anything but the instrument by which wrongdoing was punished."



"THE CIRCUS"; BY GEORGES SEURAT (1859-1891), THE LAST MAJOR PAINTING COMPLETED BEFORE THE ARTIST'S DEATH. (Paris, the Louvre.)

"From the outset Seurat's intention went beyond Impressionist interests in transient effects of light and color and was directed towards the creation of a formal rather than an optical unity," writes Professor Robb in "The Harper History of Painting," in which he provides an up-to-date history of painting in the western world from prehistoric times to the present day.

book of more than 1000 pages, more than 500 illustrations and more than ordinary wisdom. I don't suppose that anyone except the very callow will take all his statements as gospel, for each reader who has not been born a parrot will have his own notions about the relative values of particular painters and groups of painters—for example, I doubt whether it is possible to guess at the quality of classical Greek painting, none of which has survived, by reference to the decoration of Greek vases—but as a survey of the whole achievement of the West which deftly avoids controversy and emphasizes the varying social, moral and intellectual climate as the centuries pass, while paying due regard to individual originality, the book is remarkable.

The author's detachment inevitably brings with it its own penalty—a certain flatness in the narrative—but that is said in no carping spirit, and the answer is easy enough; his aim is a balanced and, within human limits, an accurate account of development; not a highly-coloured and lively exposition of one man's prejudices. Just occasionally, when writing of something which has moved him deeply, he allows himself an unusual warmth. For example, he devoted several pages to an excellent account of mediæval stained glass and inevitably finds himself at Chartres gazing at the window known as *Notre Dame de la Belle-Verrière*—Our Lady of the Beautiful Window.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Harper History of Painting," by David M. Robb, Ph.D., Professor of the History of Art, the University of Pennsylvania. 522 Illustrations; 16 Colour Plates. (Harper and Brothers, New York; Distributed in England by Hamish Hamilton; 55s.)



"DON FERNANDO NIÑO DE GUEVARA, THE GRAND INQUISITOR OF SPAIN"; BY DOMINICO THEOTOCOPULI, CALLED EL GRECO (c. 1545-50-1614). (New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

This painting is "one of the world's very great portraits" and "What strikes the observer first of all is the formidable character of this man who was sworn to protect the faith even at the cost of every humane sentiment."

Illustrations from "The Harper History of Painting"; reproduced by courtesy of Hamish Hamilton, distributors of the book in this country.

The book physically is a fine production and the half-tone illustrations are excellent, though the paper is thin—otherwise the volume would have been over-bulky. With one or two exceptions the colour work is, in my opinion, poor.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY ACQUISITIONS: A 1952 SELECTION.



"SELF - PORTRAIT"; MICHAEL DAHL (1656-1743), KNEILLER'S GREAT RIVAL FOR MANY YEARS. CANVAS. 48½ by 40 ins. Purchased.



"SIR FRANCIS BURDETT" (1770-1840), BEGUN 1793 BY LAWRENCE, FINISHED AFTER HIS DEATH. CANVAS. 99 by 56½ ins. Bequeathed



"SIR WILLIAM PETRE" (1505?-1572). SECRETARY OF STATE, 1543-1557. SERVANT OF FOUR TUDORS. ARTIST UNKNOWN. PANEL. 35 by 27 ins. Purchased.



"LIONEL NATHAN ROTHSCHILD" (1808-1879), BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST; BY MORITZ OPPENHEIM. 1853. CANVAS. 18½ by 14½ ins. Purchased.



"SIR JOHN FIELDING" (D. 1780), BLIND MAGISTRATE AND REFORMER; BY NATHANIEL HONE, 1762. CANVAS. 49½ by 39½ ins. Presented.



"WARREN HASTINGS" (1732-1818), GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1773-1785; BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, 1786. PASTEL. 11½ by 9½ ins. Oval. Purchased.



"LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD" (1763-1798). STUDIO OF HUGH DOUGLAS HAMILTON. CANVAS. 28½ by 24½ ins. (Lent by the Earl of Ilchester.)



"SIR HUGH SEYMOUR WALPOLE" (1884-1941), THE NOVELIST; BY STEPHEN BONE. CANVAS. 29½ by 24½ ins. (Given by Dr. D. and Mr. R. H. Walpole.)



"RICHARD MONCKTON-MILNES, FIRST BARON HOUGHTON (1809-1885); BY GEORGE RICHMOND, 1852. CHALK. 24½ by 18½ ins. (Given by his daughter-in-law, Lady Crewe.)

The National Portrait Gallery's 1952 acquisitions include representations of notabilities from many periods. Sir William Petre was an administrative statesman of sufficient stamina to retain office under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I. and Elizabeth I. The self-portrait by Michael Dahl is above his usual quality. Sir John Fielding, half-brother of the novelist, was concerned with juvenile delinquency and associated with the Bow Street runners, from which the C.I.D. was evolved. His portrait was presented by friends of Mr. Charles F. Bell, a

Trustee of the Gallery from 1910-40. Sir Thomas Lawrence was sixteen when he made the pastel drawing of Warren Hastings. The portraits of Sir Francis Burdett, Parliamentary and prison reformer, and Lady Burdett were presented by the Rt. Hon. William L. A. B. Burdett-Coutts. Sir Hugh Walpole was a collector as well as novelist, and is shown surrounded by works of art. Richard Monckton-Milnes, first Baron Houghton, was a politician, poet and dilettante, the subject of James Pope-Hennessy's "The Years of Promise" and "The Flight of Youth."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SPECULATIONS ON THE HABITS OF DIPPERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE dipper, known also as water-ousel, water-crow, colley or bobby, is found typically in hill or mountain streams, or in swiftly flowing and rocky streams in the lowlands. Wren-like, about the size of a starling in body, it is a squat, rotund bird, related to the wren, although placed in a separate family. Its plumage is a darkish brown, with a certain amount of chestnut underneath, and a conspicuous white throat and breast. It is not a well-known bird, although it is found throughout Britain, in favourable localities. Ireland also has its own sub-species, differing in comparatively trivial details from the British bird, which is, in turn, a sub-species of the black-bellied dipper of the Continent. When one speaks of its being found in favourable localities, one means the swift-moving, shallow streams, and especially those that are strewn with rocks. It is not well known, except, of course, to the bird-enthusiast, largely because of its habits.

Characteristically, the dipper perches on rocks or stones protruding from the water, or flies in a direct and rapid line up and down the stretch of the stream that represents its territory. To feed, it wades into the water and deliberately submerges, or swims out and dives, or it may plunge straight in from the stone on which it has been perching. Under water it appears to walk deliberately over the bottom, with head stretched out and occasionally assisting itself with its wings. This is not, however, the only method of progression under water. It can swim, using its wings to do so, but the apparent walking on the bottom is the mode of progression when turning over stones or gravel in search of aquatic insects, and other food.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the dipper, although this seems to have excited little comment, is that it is so thoroughly aquatic without any obvious adaptation to that mode of life. It is never found far from water. Indeed, all the dippers I have seen have been in or over water. It nests under overhanging stones or rock-slabs, in holes in walls flanking a stream or in the masonry of a bridge, on the face of a cliff, under waterfalls, among the exposed roots of trees, sometimes among ivy on tree-trunks, always near water. It will occasionally chase and capture insects on the surface of a rock, or even on the bank, but nine-tenths of its food is made up of aquatic insects, with some water-fleas and water-shrimps, and an occasional worm, tadpole or minnow.

The thing that has excited comment, however, is whether or no it does actually walk along the bottom of the river, as appears to be the case, and the controversy has been going on for a century or more. It is epitomised in the words of T. A. Coward, in his *Birds of the British Isles*: "... there is no truth in the assertion, often repeated and blindly copied, that without effort it can defy the laws of specific gravity and walk along the bottom. Undoubtedly when entering the water it grips with its strong feet, but the method of progression beneath the surface is by swimming, using the wings—flying under water."

Coward was a great naturalist, one that knew his birds extremely well. Even so, in writing thus he was running counter to the observations of many excellent observers both in this country and on the Continent. More recently, in *British Birds* (Vol. 32, 1938, page 58), three first-class ornithologists, Ingram, Salmon and Tucker, have summarised the evidence in favour of believing that sometimes, at least, the dipper does walk along the bottom. The evidence consists of direct observation, to which they themselves have contributed, in clear, shallow water, and at close quarters. They found that the bird could move against or with the current, that it could turn suddenly or pivot. They describe it as moving with head down and body held obliquely, just as

Coward did, but they negative the idea that it walked on the bottom by gripping pebbles or gravel with its toes by the simple fact that it could walk just as readily over clean sand.

In the latest number of *British Birds* (Vol. 45, 1952, page 400), Jones and King describe some very interesting observations made by them in their salmon observation-tank. The tank, on the banks of a tributary

of the Welsh Dee, is 33 ft. long and 5 ft. wide, and on its inshore wall has a series of five armour plate-glass windows, through which the spawning activities of salmon can be watched. It is primarily for observation of the fish, but it so happened that a dipper took to visiting it. What these two authors saw is best told in their own words: "There have been times when the bird has moved upstream with apparent ease against a current of water moving at slightly more than a foot per second. Observations have also been

made of the bird holding its position in this moving stream by means of its wing-movements and feeding whilst so doing." On one occasion the bird swam nearly the whole length of a 6-ft. window whilst looking for salmon-eggs, and was submerged for probably thirty seconds. A ciné-film was taken of its activities, and there was no sign in this that the dipper was walking under water, or that it was holding on to the bottom by its feet. Jones and King did, however, get the impression that it may push itself off the bottom by means of its feet. Their observations showed further that it can move up and down in the water, when submerged, and that often this was the result entirely of wing movements, the wings being held more forward than in the normal flying position.

Dewar, some years ago, carried out experiments with a piece of wood held by bridles attached to a string. He found that as long as the string was manipulated to hold the wood in an oblique position it would travel just off the bottom and against the

current. This was a practical demonstration that a body with specific gravity less than that of water (such as a piece of wood or a live dipper) could travel in this manner provided it maintained the oblique position. The specific gravity of the dipper, by the way, has not been accurately determined, but from collateral evidence there is reason to believe that it may be in the region of 0.87. Dewar's observations are confirmed also by the observations of Coward, Ingram, Salmon, Tucker and others. The disagreement lies in the use of the feet and wings. Ingram, Salmon, Tucker and the French observers were emphatic that while walking on the bottom the wings were not moved. Coward, by implication, and Jones and King maintain that the wings are moved and the feet are not, unless it be to give a "kick-off" from the bottom.

It seems to me that a bird so adaptable to an under-water life should not be expected to use one method of progression only, and that the answer is that this varies according to the food being taken. In the salmon observation-tank it was salmon-eggs; but the normal food is largely aquatic insects, which must be sought for by turning over stones and gravel. Further than this, the key factor, judging from the words of numerous observers as well as from the experiments carried out by Dewar, is that the head should be well forward and the body oblique. How that position is maintained, whether by movements of the wings or other resultant forces, is a secondary consideration. And so long as this position of the body is maintained it should be possible for the feet to touch bottom, or even

assist in maintaining the position, without necessarily defying the "laws of specific gravity." It is a nice point for the mathematically-minded to argue.

So the dipper still has us guessing, whether it can walk under water or not.

Perhaps, in conclusion, it should be added—in case someone is tempted to initiate a campaign against dippers—as Jones and King point out, that although dippers do eat salmon-eggs they "can only reach stray eggs which will never have the chance to develop" and they must not be regarded as enemies of the salmon.



A BIRD WHICH FLIES UNDER WATER AND MAY, OR MAY NOT, WALK ALONG THE BOTTOM: THE DIPPER IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE PERCHED ON A ROCK ROUND WHICH THE SWIFTLY-RUNNING RIVER CURLS.



SHOWING THE CONSPICUOUS WHITE THROAT AND BREAST: A DIPPER WITH A BEAK FULL OF FOOD OBTAINED FROM THE BED OF THE RIVER.

Photographs by Eric J. Hosking, F.R.P.S.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

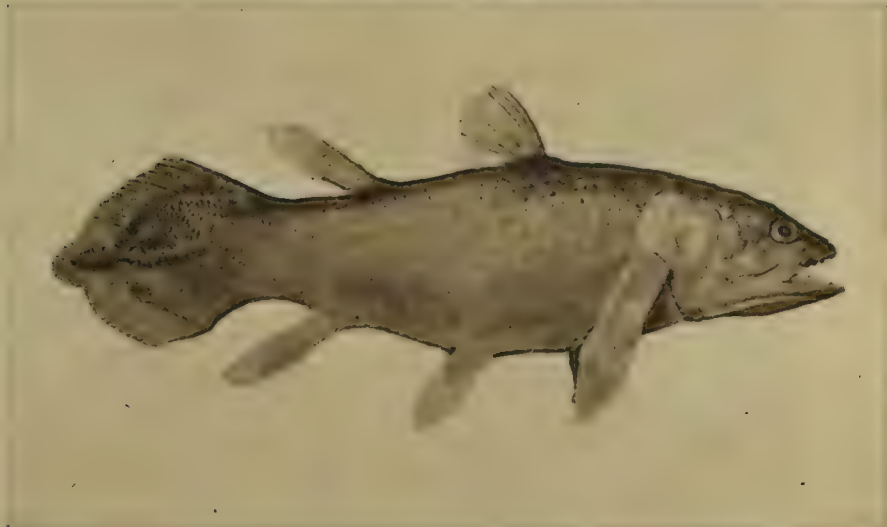
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THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

THE CAPTURE OF A SECOND "FOSSIL FISH": DETAILS OF THE 1938 SPECIMEN.



ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE BECOME EXTINCT SOME 50,000,000 YEARS AGO: *LATIMERIA CHALUMNÆ*, OF THE COELACANTH GROUP OF FISHES, WHOSE CAPTURE OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AFRICA IN 1938 WAS A MAJOR SCIENTIFIC SENSATION, NOW EQUALLED BY THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF A SECOND SPECIMEN.

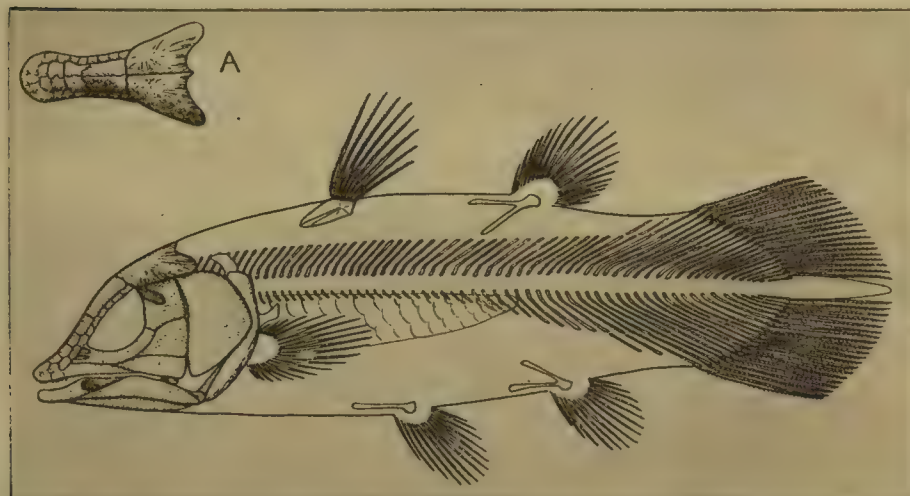


AS IT APPEARED IN LIFE: A PLASTER CAST OF THE "LIVING FOSSIL" *LATIMERIA CHALUMNÆ*, WHICH WAS OVER 5 FT. IN LENGTH AND WEIGHED 127 LB. THE FISH WAS A BEAUTIFUL STEEL-BLUE IN COLOUR, WITH BIG, DARK-BLUE EYES.



A FOSSIL OF A FISH RELATED TO THE LIVING SPECIMEN BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE OFF THE SOUTH AFRICAN COAST IN DECEMBER, 1938: *UNDINA PENICILLATA*, OF THE COELACANTH GROUP, PRESERVED IN THE UPPER JURASSIC OF BAVARIA.

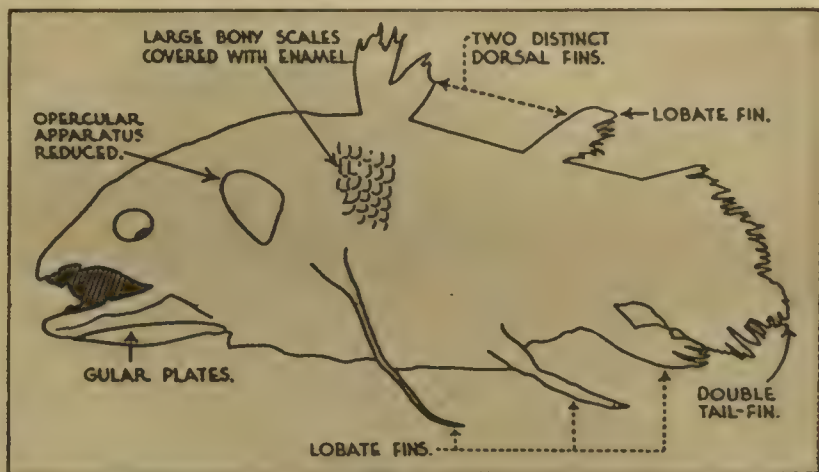
Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



A RECONSTRUCTION OF *MACROPOMA MANTELLI*, FORMERLY BELIEVED TO BE THE LAST OF THE COELACANTH FISHES: A DRAWING SHOWING THE INTERNAL SKELETON; THE BACKBONE BEING ONLY OSSIFIED IN THE SPINY PROCESSES ABOVE AND BELOW IT.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Palaeontographical Society of London.

The report that a fish of the Coelacanth group had been caught on December 20 near Madagascar and that Dr. Malan had ordered an Air Force *Dakota* to fly Professor J. B. L. Smith, of Rhodes University, out to Madagascar to inspect the fish, recalls a major scientific sensation of this century. In December, 1938, a trawler fishing off the coast of South Africa landed an odd-looking fish over 5 ft. long and weighing 127 lb. The captain of the trawler telephoned Miss M. Courtney Latimer, the Curator of the East London Museum, described the fish and told her it could be seen at the wharf. Miss Latimer realised that the fish was of a very primitive species, and Professor J. B. L. Smith, who had been informed, and had hurried to East London, made a careful investigation and pronounced the fish to be a sensational scientific discovery—a survivor of the Coelacanth group of fishes, supposed to have become extinct some 50,000,000 years ago. A photograph of this fish, together with a descriptive article, appeared



THE "LIVING FOSSIL": A KEY TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF *LATIMERIA CHALUMNÆ* REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, INDICATING SOME REMARKABLE FEATURES OF ITS ANATOMY THAT DIFFERENTIATE IT FROM OTHER FISHES SUCH AS WE KNOW TO-DAY.

in *The Illustrated London News* of March 11, 1939—the photograph causing an eminent British scientist to exclaim: "It is as though a living dinosaur had suddenly appeared!" The Coelacanth was an isolated type of the Order of Fringe-finned fishes, now only represented by the lung-fishes of Africa, South America and Australia, and flourished during the Permian and Triassic epochs, and then gradually declined until the Cretaceous period, some 50,000,000 years ago, when they were thought to have become extinct. Owing to the tense international situation in 1939, followed by the war, it was not until February 1, 1947, that we were able to reproduce in colour a plate of the mounted specimen (now named *Latimeria chalumnae*) and of a plaster cast exactly representing the appearance of the fish in life. Unfortunately, the body and part of the skeleton of *Latimeria chalumnae* had begun to decay and were thrown away before they could be properly examined, and it is hoped that the new specimen may provide fresh material for study.



SARDINES—IN THE HARBOUR OF PORT SUDAN: "I FELT THE MOVEMENT OF THE MULTITUDE OF LITTLE BODIES AGAINST MY SKIN. . . ONE GREAT SUPER-INDIVIDUAL, ALL THE PARTS OF WHICH SEEMED TO OBEY ONE DOMINANT WILL."

THE photographs on these pages are from the great number taken, mostly under water, by Dr. Hans Hass, of Vienna, in and about the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Port Sudan, and are reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, from his book "Under the Red Sea" (Jarrolds; 16s.). Before the war, Dr. Hass had been engaged in submarine research in the Caribbean Sea, and his adventures there were described in his book "Diving to Adventure."

After the war, he found himself without the means or funds for raising a full-scale marine expedition, and accordingly set off single-handed for the Sudan and, making his base at Port Sudan (where he received much help from the Commissioner, Mr. W. Clark), made a series of underwater explorations from a felucca, diving single-handed in bathing costume and diving-mask, with harpoon and underwater camera, into waters notoriously infested with

(LEFT) DR. HASS WITH A HALIBUT, OR GUTTER FISH—INTERMEDIATELY BETWEEN THE SHARKS AND THE RAYS—WHICH HE CAPTURED WITH HIS BARE HANDS, NEAR THE OM GRUSH ATOLE.

(RIGHT) LOOKING RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF A GIANT MANTA. THIS FISH HAD ONLY ONE HEAD Lobe (OR CEPHALIC FIN), A FACT WHICH MADE THIS PHOTOGRAPH POSSIBLE.

"UNDER THE RED SEA": UNIQUE AND TAKEN AMONG THE SHARKS, BARRACUDAS



"NO LESS THAN FORTY BARRACUDAS (ABOUT 5 FT. LONG) WERE COMING STRAIGHT AT ME. . . I WAS AT BAY NOW, LIKE A RAT IN ITS HOLE." BUT A SHARK CAME TO HIS RESCUE.



THE MOUTH OF THE GIANT MANTA, WITH PILOT-FISH POISED IN IT: "I MADE MY WAY ALONG HIS BACK. . . AS FAR AS HIS HEAD AND POINTED THE CAMERA DOWN OVER HIS UPPER JAW." THE RIGHT CEPHALIC FIN (OR HORN) IS DEFORMED.



FANTASTIC SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHS AND GIANT RAYS NEAR PORT SUDAN.



"WHAT SEEMED TO BE A . . . LOVELY FLOWER. . . IT WAS THE FAMOUS PTERIS TOULANA, THE LION-FISH, THE STING OF WHICH IS NO LESS DREADED THAN THAT OF THE SYRANCERJA."



"SUCH A PICTURE AS I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE": THE FIRST GIANT MANTA, OR DEVIL-FISH THAT DR. HASS PHOTOGRAPHED. (LEFT) THE MOUTH, CEPHALIC FINS AND ONE EYE; (TOP RIGHT) THE SWEEP OF THE HUGE PECTORAL FIN.



(LEFT) ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GIANT MANTA'S MOUTH. THE TINY STEPPED PILOT-FISH FEED ON PARASITE CRAYFISH OF THE MANTA'S JAWS, AND SO ENJOY IMMUNITY.

(RIGHT) DR. HASS PAID SEVERAL VISITS TO THE SUBMERGED UMMARA AND WAS ABLE TO PHOTOGRAPHICALLY THE REVERSE OF CORALS IN THE CORAL DURING ITS BOMB "STAMPED" SUNSHINE.



CORAL GROWTHS ON THE IRONWORK OF THE ITALIAN MUNITION SHIP UMMARA, WHICH HAD BEEN LYING UNDER WATER, FULL OF EXPLOSIVES, FOR NINE YEARS WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN.

sharks. For the sharks, however, he appears to have little fear, and though he had a close brush with one near the island of Om Grush, for the most part he is lost in admiration of their grace and functional beauty, and ascribes to one of them his rescue from a shoal of barracudas, by whom he was menaced against a coral wall, and who brought him his only moment of panic. The most spectacular photographs in the book (there are eighty-one all told) concern the Giant Rays or Mantas—fantastic creatures which may measure as much as 30 ft. across and weigh nearly 3 tons.

Near Om Grush he found himself swimming under water among a shoal of about forty of these monsters. These Mantas, despite their fantastic and ferocious appearance, are quite harmless to human beings, as they feed on plankton; but blows from their huge fins could, of course, overturn a boat or crush a man's limbs. The apparent horns on either side of the huge mouth are cephalic fins. One of the monsters, however, had lost one of these fins, and as a result of this Dr. Hass was enabled to get astonishing photographs of its mouth and the tiny pilot-fish swimming in security there.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE SPONGE-BAG TECHNIQUE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE acquisition of souvenirs (hateful word) of foreign travel is a pleasant, blameless and almost universally popular foible.

Its popularity is clearly shown by the innumerable shops, in almost every part of the world, which cater for the souvenir industry. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the export trade of Birmingham goes in souvenirs, for tourists to bring back from the Far East. Personally, I detest deliberately manufactured souvenirs, especially wooden ones with the name of their place of purchase done in poker work, and earthenware ones with the place-name fired into the glaze as part of the decoration. I greatly prefer the typically local things, made for local use, and bought as often as not from a stall in a local market. I still treasure, and use, pocket knives bought in France. Quite cheap and common types, with blades of beautifully soft steel that takes a razor edge from a few strokes on the side of a boot. I have, too, pruning knives from Majorca, with bloodthirsty curved blades and handles studded with brass. They sink through the most obstinate twigs and branches as though they were butter in a heat-wave, and they carry memory back to a little roadside forge in the tiny town of Inca, where I bought a bagful in assorted sizes, and of assorted blood-thirstiness, for a few shillings. There is, too, an enormous dish-like brazier in richly hammered copper. I acquired it on my way home from South America. During a couple of hours ashore at Santander I found exactly the right slum street, and exactly the right junk shop, and got my brazier for 12s. My companion thought I was crackers carrying it back to the shore-boat, and I suspect he was just a trifle ashamed of my company. Such "souvenirs" as these have come quite casually

and fortuitously. They were not acquired as souvenirs, but because, for no very special reason, they amused me or I liked them. I bought them often for half nothing, as one might buy an interesting early type of mousetrap at a junk shop in Bury or an antique instrument for strangling bats from a pawnshop in Wigan.

But of all the things that I possess to remind me of pleasant places and happy times abroad, the plants which I collected are perhaps the most potent. No matter how rare or beautiful a plant in the garden may be, it retains an added charm, a special significance if one can remember collecting it, in the Alps, the Andes, in Patagonia or in a friend's garden at Bexhill-on-Sea. In this, then, the amateur gardener is particularly fortunate, especially the rock gardener, when he takes his summer holiday in the Alps. He can bring home a few Alpines, and with luck and reasonable skill, retain them, or their descendants, in his rock garden for life—theirs, or his. But this business of taking plants from the wild, transporting them home, and re-establishing them in the garden requires a little specialised knowledge, a few simple but too seldom understood precautions. The most popular, and probably the very worst, method of transport of Alpines by tourists is what might be called the sponge-bag technique. Too often the plants are stuffed into the bag—what happens to the sponge and its companions I have never discovered—which is then kept securely closed until home is reached days or weeks later. As a rule they are put

in far too wet, so that they arrive home in a state of depressing mush. I have no doubt that the sponge-bag technique has had its successes, but there are far better and simpler ways of nursing one's plants home, and these I will explain for the benefit of any folk who have had no experience, or perhaps less experience, in the art of bringing Alpines from the Alps than I have.

First as to equipment. A trowel is the first essential. For general use I recommend a stout one of the normal garden type rather than a narrow-bladed fern trowel, and let it be of stainless steel. A small canvas haversack is useful for carrying plants—and sandwich lunches. For wrapping plants take some sheets of wax grease-proof paper. Failing this, newspaper can be used. A ball of string, some indiarubber bands and a few plant labels. That, I think, is about all, except, of course, nails in your stout boots. I mention this last item for those going to the Alps for the first time. Walking on short dry Alpine turf gives unnailed leather soles a glassy polish which can be tiresome on the gentlest slope, and dangerous on steeper places.

It is wisest to err on the side of collecting and bringing home too few than too many plants. Select

earth, in paper-flower-pots, with their roots snug below surface, and their crowns and leaves exposed to light and air. Except when actually

travelling you can stand them close together and upright on a spread newspaper in your hotel bedroom (explain to the chambermaid) exposed to air and light, but not where hot sunshine reaches them. During travel from place to place, and then, finally, home, your plants may be packed wherever is most convenient, in the haversack, or in a suitcase among the boots and the soiled linen. A day or even two or three days of close confinement will not hurt them too greatly, though they should be given air and light as often and as much as possible.

In most cases it is not difficult to shake the soil from the roots of a collected plant, and, at the same time, to tease away the grass and weeds. In some cases, however, when the soil is sticky or clayey, it is best to take the plants to the nearest stream or spring and wash them free of redundant soil. I remember preaching this doctrine to a companion—who was new

to collecting—many years ago, at Mont Cenis. He spent an hour or more cleansing his gentians at a spring of the coldest water—short of ice—ever known to science. It was heroic. But later he got a hero's reward—a sheet of vivid blue spring gentians in his rock garden. Good moss for packing is often difficult to find just when one wants it, so that it is a wise precaution to collect a modest store of it whilst the going is good, for use when it isn't.

The after-care of collected Alpines when you get home is comparatively simple. They should be unpacked and planted in a 6-in.-deep bed of silver sand in a cold frame, and kept there with the light on and well shaded. Water them thoroughly. Keep the frame

closed and shaded for about a week, and then gradually give more air and more light. In three or four weeks they should be recovering their good looks above ground, and rooting into the moist sand below, and by that time you can safely pot them up, for planting out later still.

If you should bring plants still in their divots of native soil, do not make the mistake of planting them in the garden in that state. It is far better to remove the Alpine soil, and plant in the soil that is to be their future home. They will have to grow in it eventually, and they may as well get used to it from the start.

If you want to bring a plant or two home from the Alps, but have not taken any special equipment, there should be no difficulty in finding newspaper, moss and string. But don't, I pray, resort to the sponge-bag technique. I have never spent any length of time confined, all wet, inside a closed sponge-bag, but imagination tells me that I should detest it as greatly as plants obviously do.

One last word. There are certain restrictions as to bringing living plants into this country. But a permit to bring in collected Alpines may be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture. Armed with such a permit, one is forearmed against any chance of a hold-up at the Customs in England. Later the Ministry may send an inspector to examine the collected plants as a safeguard against plant disease or insect malefactors. I have always found such inspections quite simple, pleasant informal formalities.



"IT IS BEST TO TAKE THE PLANTS TO THE NEAREST STREAM OR SPRING AND WASH THEM FREE OF REDUNDANT SOIL. I REMEMBER PREACHING THIS DOCTRINE TO A COMPANION—WHO WAS NEW TO COLLECTING—MANY YEARS AGO, AT MONT CENIS. HE SPENT AN HOUR OR MORE CLEANSING HIS GENTIANAS AT A SPRING OF THE COLDEST WATER—SHORT OF ICE—EVER KNOWN TO SCIENCE. IT WAS HEROIC—"

AND EARNED A PHOTOGRAPH.

good specimens, small, young, vigorous and healthy, rather than big veterans, and aim at specimens which it will be easy to lift with their roots complete. Look out, too, for good varieties. Many Alpines vary greatly in the size and colour of their flowers, especially such things as *Gentiana verna*, *G. acaulis*, *Aster alpinus*, *Potentilla aurea* and the *Campanulas*. By all means dig your specimens with plenty of soil about their roots, and leave that soil until you get them to your hotel, and come to packing. But in the majority of cases it is quite unnecessary to bring plants home to England each in its own divot of soil and companion plants—grasses or what not. Bringing them thus entails unnecessary weight and space in one's luggage. My own method with almost every type of plant, except a few such as *Rhododamnus* and some of the *Androsaces* which have almost gossamer roots, is to shake all the soil away, and then pack them in neat bundles, all heads to one end, in a surround of slightly damp moss. I then wrap the mossed bundle of plants in paper, tucked round over the bottom of the root end, and left open at the leaf end. Careful labelling is important. It is astonishing how unrecognisable plants can look after their journey home, but what powers of recovery they possess on arrival if properly treated. Each bundle of mossed and papered plants may be fastened with an elastic band or a tie of thin string. At the end of these simple packing operations the effect that has been reached is that the plants are planted in moss but little or no

BRITAIN, AMERICA AND EGYPT: RECENT NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



(LEFT.) THE BIBLE—BEARING GEORGE II'S PORTRAIT—ON WHICH GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. AND ON WHICH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WILL TAKE THE OATH.

When President Eisenhower is inaugurated as President of the United States, a ceremony arranged for January 20, he will take the oath on the same Bible as that used by George Washington. Its first page carries the portrait of George II, while the second, an inserted page, carries that of George Washington and an inscription recording his inauguration.

(RIGHT.) THE ENGLISH GOLD BEAKER AND COVER BY JOHN BEDINGTON (1697), WHICH RECENTLY FETCHED THE RECORD PRICE OF £7000.

This gold beaker, one of two surviving known to have been presented by the Levant Company to the wives of newly-appointed Ambassadors to the Porte, was recently sent to Christie's by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Trustees of his Settled Estates; and on December 17 fetched the price of £7000, a record at auction for a single old English gold piece. It was bought by Mr. Thomas Lumley, acting on behalf of an English collector.



AGROUND ON THE SHORES OF AILSA CRAIG: THE FINNISH SHIP *MARGARETA*, CARRYING IRON-ORE FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO THE CLYDE, WHICH GROUND ON DECEMBER 22. The *Margareta* ran aground on December 22 and ten men and a woman were taken off the same evening. The captain and some of the crew stayed, believing she could be refloated, but left on December 23. Some of the cargo was jettisoned, but it was believed on December 28 that she could be salvaged, as she appeared to be in no immediate danger of breaking up.



THE CHURCH OF BROMLEY, KENT, OF WHICH ONLY THE TOWER SURVIVED BOMBING, NOW REBUILT (IN PART) AND RECONSECRATED BY THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER. In 1941 the eleventh-century church of Bromley, Kent, was destroyed in an air raid, only the tower surviving. The children's chapel and rather more than half of the nave have now been rebuilt and the new building (shown above) was reconsecrated by the Bishop of Rochester on December 21. The foundation-stone of the newly-built church was laid by the Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, in 1949.



READY FOR AN ECONOMY DRIVE: SOME OF EX-KING FAROUK'S CARS WHICH ARE TO BE SOLD BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT AT AUCTION.

These cars, shown inside the former Royal garage, were used by ex-King Farouk and his family. They are soon to be auctioned as part of the Egyptian Government's drive to make economies and eliminate all luxury and pomp. Other State-owned cars, formerly used by high officials, are also to be put up for sale.



SENATOR MCCARRAN (EXTREME RIGHT), THE AUTHOR OF THE NEW U.S. ACT ON "SCREENING" FOREIGN SEAMEN, WATCHES ITS OPERATIONS IN THE 9237-TON LINER *SANTA ROSA*.

On Christmas Eve, the controversial McCarran Immigration Act, which President Truman vetoed but which was forced through, came into operation. Under it all foreign seamen entering U.S. ports are "screened" before landing. Many nations, including Great Britain, have protested against the Act.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AT THE RUSH-HOUR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH this is a time when one should be considering gravely the work of the past year, totting-up profit-and-loss accounts in the theatre, and awarding what Hollywood calls, most vilely, personal "Oscars," I find myself instead remembering the events of a single ten days or so. In making holiday

by no means a juvenile piece, this sophisticated comedy about the much-unmarried mother of three grown-up children: a mother who, for reasons of the plot, assembles the three fathers at her home in Paris: a steady English county type from Northumberland, a Polish pianist who is like a soda-siphon out of control, and a personable Frenchman with a past. The children have been led to believe that their father is the "dear Charles" whose portrait hangs above the mantelpiece: a portrait, we gather, of no one in particular, that Miss Yvonne Arnaud discovered (price four guineas) in the Lanes at Brighton.

Any note on the plot must end there, for we have mentioned Miss Arnaud's name, and the point of "Dear Charles" is that it is less a comedy about real people than a chance for Miss Arnaud to trill, bubble and squeak for two-hours-and-a-half. Little, I agree, can be happier than this; we surrender always to the moments when Miss Arnaud's voice dims to a squeak, but for me the passage that stays is one in which Mama, in plummy gurgling, and Charles Goldner, in a sort of dahlia-flourish frenzy, hold

the stage together. Alan Melville, who is responsible for the nonsense—there is also some French derivation—would probably claim no more for the comedy than its value as a show-piece for the leading actress. But we are grateful to him. After her miscasting in "Colombe," Yvonne Arnaud is back in her most bubbling mood; we bring to her our hands and hearts.

My next memory is from a less fortunate play: it is simply the sight of a vast bookcase swinging outwards, in the middle of "Remains To Be Seen" (Her Majesty's), and a mysterious woman, looking like a handsome somnambulist, preparing to walk through the gap. The play is now off—not a remain to be seen—so I cannot dwell upon it. Briefly, it was a misguided effort by two American dramatists, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, to mix melodrama and crazy comedy. I think the production was at fault. The play piled absurdity upon absurdity; I imagine it was felt that the mere accumulation, the pressure, of events would give an effect of speed. It did not. We remembered instead the dawdling between incidents. The cast acted with faith and hope; we can only be charitable and add as little more as possible about it, even about that moving bookcase.

If there was a superfluity of plot at Her Majesty's, there was hardly any in "For Better, For Worse . . .", a little anecdote, by Arthur Watkyn, that looks likely to change the luck of the Comedy Theatre. Too often we have sat in doubt before that gold rising sun on



"A LITTLE ANECDOTE, BY ARTHUR WATKYN, THAT LOOKS LIKELY TO CHANGE THE LUCK OF THE COMEDY THEATRE": "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE . . .", A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) MR. PURVES (TOM MACAULAY); MRS. PURVES (GWYNNE WHITBY); TONY (LESLIE PHILLIPS) AND ANNE (GERALDINE MCEWAN). MR. TREWIN DESCRIBES THIS PLAY AS BEING "A DOCUMENT OF YOUNG LOVE, OF A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE IN A FLAT THE SIZE OF A PATTY-PAN."

the stage has a habit of cramming all its new productions together, like rush-hour in a Tube lift. Having just emerged from the scrummage, but still with a circus or two, "Dick Whittington" and "Peter Pan" (which refuses to grow into a Peter Pantomime) to come, I can only set down the memories that take the mind first.

Easily first for me in the queue is the opening of "The Dancing Princesses," at the Embassy, in Swiss Cottage. Year by year we search for a new children's play. Year by year there are candidates: some, like "The Silver Curlew," excellent, but, so it seems, without staying-power. I shall be sharply disappointed if the Embassy play does not appear again. Francis Dillon, who has based it on a tale by the brothers Grimm, has planned it for the imaginative child, who is sometimes overlooked in the Christmas theatre. As a rule there is plenty of paperhanging slish-slosh for the tougher young persons, and a certain amount of gummier whimsy for the milder types. But we do not often get a play that can fix the imagination of child and adult, that is romantic without being syrupy, and funny without being Twankey-bound. I think Mr. Dillon has now provided (and Laurence Payne has produced) the right kind of piece. To each a large holly-branch.

The story is the tale of the Princesses who, night by night, wear out their shoes with dancing in the enchanted castle beyond the wood and the moonlit lake, while their father, the King, wonders grumpily how on earth they are able to get out of their room, and Prince after Prince, volunteering to guard the chamber, must go gloomily to the block. That bit of cheerfulness need not trouble us; it is all but over before the play begins. We see instead how a soldier, who knows the ropes, does what the other guards have failed to do. He follows the Princesses through the wood.

It is a graceful story, acted, set and produced with uncommon taste and charm—agreeable qualities in the Christmas theatre. I shall think, beyond all, of the Princesses at curtain-rise, there in their chamber at daybreak; a scene that haunts one for long afterwards with the odd enchanted melancholy that lies behind some children's tales like that other latent bitter-sweet melancholy at the end of a summer's day. We have gaiety enough to come; but here I like especially the true romantic strain that we meet so rarely. Sheila Manahan and Sheila Shand Gibbs are Princesses in the old tradition.

I do not think that we can speak of the true romance in "Dear Charles" (New Theatre), the next play that comes forward from the Christmas pack. It is



"IT IS BY NO MEANS A JUVENILE PIECE, THIS SOPHISTICATED COMEDY ABOUT THE MUCH-UNMARRIED MOTHER OF THREE GROWN-UP CHILDREN": "DEAR CHARLES," A COMEDY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY ALAN MELVILLE, AT THE NEW THEATRE—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARTINE (MARY HOLLAND); WALTER (PAUL HANSARD); DENISE (YVONNE ARNAUD) AND BRUNO (MICHAEL ALLAN).



"FOR ME THE PASSAGE THAT STAYS IS ONE IN WHICH MAMA, IN PLUMMY GURGling, AND CHARLES GOLDNER, IN A SORT OF DAHLIA-FLLOURISH FRENZY, HOLD THE STAGE TOGETHER": "DEAR CHARLES," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH JAN (CHARLES GOLDNER) RECALLS OLD TIMES TO DENISE (YVONNE ARNAUD) BY PLAYING HER HIS WILD APPASSIONATA.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TELL TALE MURDER" (Q).—Come to Cornwall—and get away from it if you are lucky; they will probably bury you under the floor. A winding-sheet drama suitably wound by Freda Jackson and others. (December 9-14.)
 "MIDNIGHT SONATA" (Lindsey).—A crude little shocker that gave no chance to its company. (December 9.)
 "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK ON ICE" (Empress Hall).—Or the Principal Boy on Skates. (December 11.)
 "BABES IN THE WOOD" (Players).—Byronics from 1859 (the Byron is H.J.) with Hattie Jacques to help, and Daphne Anderson, Joan Sterndale Bennett and Geoffrey Dunn in the cast. (December 16.)
 "REMAINS TO BE SEEN" (Her Majesty's).—Seven performances were enough for an ill-judged American comedy. (December 16-20.)
 "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE . . ." (Comedy).—With this gentle domestic joke the Comedy takes a turn for the better. (December 17.)
 "THE DANCING PRINCESSES" (Embassy).—The best children's play for a long time (December 18.)
 "LAC DES CYGNES" (Covent Garden).—Now in four acts, and beautifully danced and staged. (December 18.)
 "JACK AND JILL" (Casino).—Once more we have a cheerful time with Emile Littler's pantomime. Hy Hazell, in the leading part, must win the very coldest heart; and we can choose our favourite jester from Jover, M. Bentine or Chester. (December 18.)
 "SLEEPING BEAUTY ON ICE" (Wembley).—And still more pantomime on skates. (December 18.)
 "DEAR CHARLES" (New).—Dear Yvonne Arnaud. (December 18.)
 "MARIA MARTEN" (Arts Theatre Club).—The anonymous, but well-connected, author is lucky to have Alec Clunes to control the proceedings. A first-rate burlesque. (December 19.)
 "BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS" (Olympia).—The Big Top. (December 19.)
 "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Princes).—St. George for England still. (December 20.)

the curtain, asking what in the world we shall see and hear when the curtain goes up. The new piece is merely a document of young love, of a newly-married couple in a flat the size of a patty-pan. The author relies on gentle domestic complication, the minor household joke, some attractive acting by Geraldine McEwan and Leslie Phillips, and a nice way with the lesser characters: a couple of gloomy removal men, for example, and Anthony Sharp's idea of an estate-agent's clerk with a January-frost manner that thaws suddenly in the third act. It is a thin piece, and yet, thanks to its ingratiating ways and to the company's delight in the performance, it may very well keep the Comedy stage. We have known better—and very much worse.

So to "Maria Marten," which has turned up again at the Arts, lavishly gayed by its producer, Alec Clunes, and acted with a joyful desperation by almost everyone. If you have never seen a villain slink, or heard him exclaim "Curse the girl!" or "A truce to temporising!", go at once to the Arts and look at Mark Dignam: he invites your hisses. Similarly, Sonia Williams invites your tears. It is a great moment when she snatches the baby—with the grab of an alert scum-half—from before a train that slides majestically across the Arts Theatre stage: one of Mr. Clunes's Sensational Spectacles. (Incidentally, the train—though I presume this is in Suffolk—appears to follow as sinuous a route as the Yelverton-Princetown branch on the edge of Dartmoor. But I may be pedantic.)

Everything is calculated to astonish while William Corder moves, step by step, up the ladder of crime. Which reminds me that I have now an appointment with Captain James Hook and a rich, damp cake. You will forgive me, I hope: it is nearly the end of the rush-hour.



"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: ANTON DOLIN IN THE FINALE, LEAVING IN HIS SWAN SHIP, SURROUNDED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF CHILDREN.



"HUMPTY DUMPTY," AT THE PALACE THEATRE, MANCHESTER, WITH PATRICIA BURKE: ONE OF THE GREAT SPECTACULAR SCENES, SHOWING THE LAVISH PRODUCTION.



"SLEEPING BEAUTY ON ICE," AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: THE GRAND FINALE, IN WHICH BRITISH AIR SUPREMACY IS FEATURED BY A REPRESENTATION OF THE COMET JET AIRLINER.

OUR purely national form of entertainment, the Christmas pantomime, with its odd mixture of beauty, spectacle, dancing, buffoonery and topical jests spiced with music-hall wit, is now successfully presented not only on the stage in traditional manner, but on ice. "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Empress Hall, has a company of 200, which includes Joan Connell, a former British Junior skating champion; Muriel Kay, a twenty-two-year-old Gold Medallist skater from Manchester; and the celebrated skating and dancing star, Belita, in the title-rôle. Her activities include the climbing of a beanstalk 90 ft. high. The other ice pantomime

[Continued opposite.]



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK ON ICE," AT THE EMPRESS HALL, LONDON: BELITA, AS JACK, ABOUT TO SLAY AN INTIMIDATING DRAGON. THE PRODUCTION IS CLAUDE LANGDON'S FOURTH EMPRESS HALL SPECTACULAR ICE PANTOMIME.

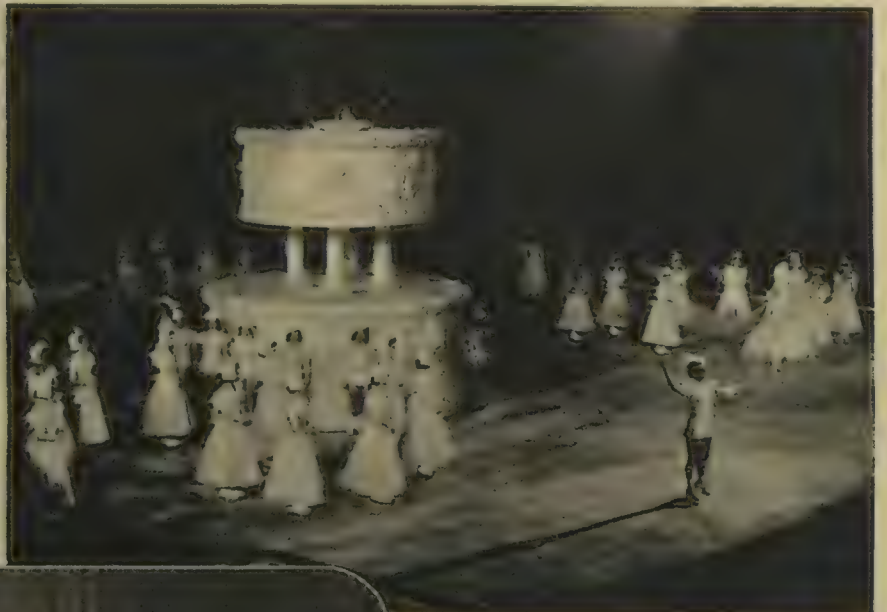
ON ICE AND STAGE: PLAYS AND PANTO. FOR THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS SEASON.



"PETER PAN," AT THE SCALA: PETER (BRENDA BRUCE), WENDY (HILARY RENNIE), JOHN (WILFRED DOWNING), MICHAEL (ERNEST DOWNING) AND SLIGHTLY (KENNETH WILLIAMS).



"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: THE WINTER SCENE IN DICK'S DREAM. DICK IS PLAYED BY VANESSA LEE, AND ALICE BY LOIS GREEN.



"SLEEPING BEAUTY ON ICE," AT THE EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY: THE WEDDING-CAKE SCENE WITH PRINCE CHARMING (DAPHNE WALKER; RIGHT) GREETING THE BRIDE, GLORIA NORD.

[Continued.]

illustrated, "Sleeping Beauty on Ice," at the Empire Pool, Wembley, has Daphne Walker and Gloria Nord as Principal Boy and Girl. The spectacular scenes include one in which twenty-four pastrycooks step out of a giant wedding-cake and do an intricate routine on ice. The "Peter Pan" at the Scala is the forty-sixth production of Barrie's children's fantasy, and has an "excellently" wicked Captain Hook in James Donald. Anton Dolin plays St. George in his own production of "Where the Rainbow Ends," at the Princes. The humour in "Dick Whittington" includes a wonderful cooking lesson and other antics by David Dale and Richard Hearne, while Sonny Hale is the Dame.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IN the modern world, violence is everywhere at home. Writers can treat the ghastly, the macabre, on an unheard-of scale; they can work up to the extinction of mankind—and make a cliché of it. And yet, while horrors thrive, the tragic theme is at its last gasp. Tragedy cannot breathe our air; it needs an older, less synthetic milieu. And so to-day it has retreated to the outback, to the lonely farm, the dour, self-isolated family—the American Primitive.

"The Closest Kin There Is," by Clara Winston (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a tragic drama, in the grave, ancient mode. And it is also a first novel. The brilliance of American beginners may be nothing new; but they don't often start like this—with anything so spare, so shapely and so intensely realised.

Phyllis has got away from home, to be a school teacher in Boston. For years—because her sister Annie had leukemia, and the first whiff of sickness might destroy her—she has not returned. Now the "thin, sexless child," always miraculously happy, is gone at last, and Phyllis has come back a stranger. Back to the old home place; back to the lodestone rock.

They might be the last family on earth. Nobody passes; nobody comes near them. Not just because it is a hill farm, on a separate road, but because no outsiders are desired. Not even Phyllis, it appears. Though it was Pa who sent for her, he barely speaks. Mother seems quite indifferent to her. Only her brother Lloyd, although inscrutable, is warm. And her heart yearns to him; he only makes it possible to stay, though she was always homesick in the world.

Then war breaks out, and she assumes Lloyd will be taken. But he tells her, no. Mother inflexibly says no. Why they are so resolved, so sure, why Lloyd hangs on against his will, how they contrive some of the "points" which will secure deferment—all this is hidden from her. And yet she is a party in the cause, and the increasing odium. When the barn burns, and Pa has to be fetched away, the worst is out, but the heroic struggle is intensified. And it comes hardest upon Lloyd, to whom it is a progress in dishonour. Mother is glad, at last, to have a broken hip; to be removed out of his way, and leave the dead months to his sister. That is the girl's real use—to keep him pleased, and be a substitute for Annie.

But it is not the same. The two young people are alone, as on a desert island. They are inseparably close. No one will know—and after this there can be nothing to find out. Guilty they are; but they have too much honour to be furtive. When Mother comes back in the spring, it is all over. And soon the war is over too. Then comes the horrible *detente*; life has no goal, and Lloyd shows symptoms of a breakdown. Mother can't part with him; she can't quite guess his need—that would be too near guessing the unthinkable; but she appeals to Phyllis. And it is Phyllis who suggests a wife. This tale, with its inevitable curve, both grips and satisfies the mind. It has great human dignity; and it is all in tune.

"The Italian Woman," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), deals once more with the "closest kin" and with a mother managing her children; only this mother is historical, and monstrous. At least, if Catherine de' Medici was not a monster, where is romance to look for one?

This is the story of her middle years, when the neglected wife cast her meek skin of sufferance, and blossomed out as the Queen-Mother. Her policy is to divide and rule, to balance the old faith and the new, Guise against Bourbon—and, above all, to see her elder sons into the grave. Then the one being she loves, little Italian Henry, will be King of France. Really, it is an easy job. Francis won't make old bones; and showing off to his bride, the little Queen of Scots, should be enough to finish him. Then Mary can be packed off home; she is the Guises' spy, and the Queen-Mother's rival. As for the next son Charles, he is already brain-sick. If they can make a pervert of him, all the better; if not, whenever policy requires he can be driven mad.

All this Renaissance wickedness demands a foil. It is supplied by Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, the forthright, honourable spirit, the beloved wife, the loyal Huguenot—Catherine's fatal opposite, and in the long run her predestined victor. Jeanne's boy is Henry of Navarre. She comes to Banquo's end; but she gives rise, like Banquo, to a line of kings.

This volume closes with her "taking off." Though they say now it was consumption. . . . But poisoned gloves, if not more probable, are more romantic. And this is a historical romance—something agreeably suspended between life and art.

Whereas a tale which is pure fiction must convince outright. "A Boy in the House," by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), though it has atmosphere and promise, is in that sense a failure. Lindley, the witness of events, is going to write a book. And he has picked the quietest spot on earth—part of a house where two old sisters live in genteel decay. Not that he means to be concerned with them. But it is pleasant, on an evening stroll, to hear the sound of their piano—even to glance into the room, as at an old-world picture. It is less nice to overhear them in a screaming rage. . . . Then they decide to get "a little Home boy" for the rough work. And Eddy comes into the house—a Cockney sparrow of a boy, cheerful and lame. At first he is their common plaything. Next, they begin to fight about him—and the end is melodrama. The sisters, yes. Eddy, I think not quite. And the conclusion, not at all.

"Murder in the Mill Race," by E. C. R. Lorac (Collins; 9s. 6d.), proves once again that villages are the correct idea. This one is on the verge of Exmoor—charming to look at, very self-contained, in one way singularly blessed. For all agree that Sister Monica who runs the children's Home, is little lower than the angels. All but young Dr. Ferens and his wife, whom she revolts at sight. There was one scandal at the Home, when a delinquent maid was fished out of the mill-race. Then, Sergeant Peel went away hopping mad; he knew there had been more to learn. . . . And so when Sister Monica ends in the same way, he is right out for blood. But once again the village chorus is too much for him. It is Macdonald, with his technique of quiet persistence, who unveils the truth. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOUNTAINEERING; SAILING; AND "JANE'S."

A BOOK which I have set down with reluctance is "The Call of the Mountains," by Colin Wyatt (Thames and Hudson; 35s.). Mr. Colin Wyatt is a former British ski-jumping champion and in the great controversy between powder snow and piste running, he would undoubtedly be on the side of the arch-angels—if one may thus characterise Sir Arnold Lunn and Field Marshal Montgomery. Indeed, it is because he found himself "irked by the modern roads, railways, hotels and huts of Switzerland and Austria, although thoroughly appreciating them from the practical point of view when it came to making a purely technical climbing trip," that this book was born. For Mr. Wyatt set out to recapture the "golden age" of climbing and ski-mountaineering such as was known to his father and to Whymper and Mummery, and sought out-of-the-way countries and mountains where very few people had been before. With this object in view he began by "achieving the seemingly impossible" and going skiing in Africa. This took him into the mountains of the Moroccan High Atlas, where the contrast between the high snows and the green cultivation thousands of feet below them on the Atlantic side and the limitless reddish-brown or dun Sahara on the other, gave them the full flavour of adventure. This evidently whetted his appetite, because his next expedition was across Lapland to the North Cape, the most northerly point of Europe, where "at last we saw a small black shape in the murk—a signpost with a big N and an arrow pointing to the North Pole. All around us sullen black cliffs were falling to the dark sea hundreds of feet below, where the waves crashed thunderously against the rocks." The agreeable interlude among the mountains of Albania and a crossing of the Canadian Rockies on horseback provided the prelude to what, to my mind, constitute the most exciting and envy-inspiring part of the book. These are his ski explorations of the snow-covered mountains of New Zealand and of the New Zealand Alps of the South Island. This must be ski-mountaineering of a truly remarkable nature, where the great Tasman glacier flows down at the remarkable pace of 6 ft. a year through tropical rain forest to a point only 700 ft. above sea-level and within easy distance of bathing beaches. These mountains, with their huge snow-fields and the vast jumbles of their ice-falls, with the green and red kea parrots (they sound the most engaging birds) whose idea of fun is "to push stones over the edge of the moraine and with screams of delight watch them tumble down the slope," must indeed be a paradise for the ski-mountaineer, and Sir Arnold Lunn and Lord Montgomery will read nostalgically of "long curving schusses of thousands of feet at a time." Not that much of the ski-mountaineering is to be recommended for those less expert than Mr. Wyatt. He survived the perils to give us this delightful book, illustrated with his own sketch-maps and with photographs, of which the publishers say (and I agree with them) "for sheer grandeur and scenic variety we believe to be unmatched."

Yachts, like mountains, are, of course, "naturals" to the skilful photographer, and the new volume—the first was published in 1938—of "The Beauty of Sail," by Frank and Keith Beken (Ross and Harrap; 45s.) is, in the hands of those artists with the camera, a thing of beauty indeed. Mr. John Scott Hughes, in his foreword, points out that Mr. Frank Beken has been photographing yachts for sixty years and, together with his son's work, their collection has now reached the enormous figure of 31,000 negatives. This book can, of course, be but a quintessence, a distillation, but how satisfying it is, and how much one agrees with the late E. V. Lucas, who, on looking at the big yachts, closed his eyes and murmured meditatively, "never shall I forget their majestic urgency." However, Mr. Scott Hughes quotes the Chinese proverb, "one picture is worth a thousand words," a saying which I recommend to the would-be reader.

For the practical yachtsman, whether the part-owner of a racing dinghy or the millionaire owner of a currency-saving monster, the reappearance of the "Yachting World Annual 1953" (Iliffe; 30s.) will be an exciting event. Last year's was the first issue, and was so widely welcomed that the experiment has been repeated. It contains everything, from the close study of the designs of new yachts which have appeared during the year, to records of the principal races and regattas and amusing lighter contributions, such as that of Mr. Humphrey Barton, who made a cruise to Irish waters in a Solent week-end. In fact, the only thing which causes me surprise about this excellent volume is how on earth the publishers were able to produce it at so low a price.

The transition from the peaceful to the warlike is a sharp one when one comes to that ever-admirable publication "Jane's Fighting Ships 1952-53," edited by Raymond V. B. Blackman (Sampson Low; 44 4s.). This year's edition is fuller than ever, and while, as the possessors of what was formerly the greatest navy in the world we can take only small comfort, there is no doubt that naval rearmament is on the move, and that, like the United States and Canada, we have had "second thoughts about scrapping warships" and, in fact, "have in some cases reached out and snatched back ships which had nominally already been disposed of."

From the same exhaustive stable comes "World Railways 1952-53," edited by Henry Sampson, published at the same price. Non-technicians from fathers to small boys will find it fascinating, while British economists may be a little alarmed by the fact that although steam locomotives, of which we are still the world's largest exporters, are still in a great majority, other forms of traction, such as Deisel engines, are becoming more and more popular—and the Americans have an annual output of 4200 Deisel electric locomotives, for which home market demand will soon be satisfied.

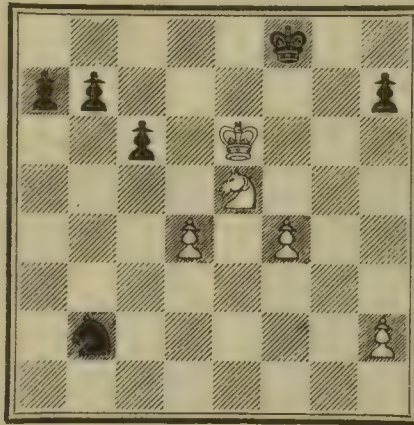
Another fascinating volume from the same stable at the same price is "Jane's All the World's Aircraft 1952-53." All I can say about it is that I have had the greatest difficulty in getting hold of it for review. It constantly seems to find its way to a room at the top of the house inhabited by my fourteen-year-old son. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE system of adjudicating unfinished games emerged a sadly-battered casualty from one recent game-ending on the Continent.

BLACK.



WHITE.

A game was suspended in the position diagrammed. Both White and Black (to move) claimed that they could win; and indeed, whilst the opposing armies seem evenly balanced (White's more advanced and centralised forces being compensated by Black's distant and unhampered queen's rook's pawn), it is yet the sort of situation which is unlikely to produce a draw. Whoever manages to queen a pawn first will, with the new queen, wreak immediate destruction.

Players and adjudicators alike agreed that Black must move 1. . . . Kt-R5. If he simply advances his QRP, White wins by P-B5, P-B6, P-B7 and Kt-Q7ch.

A well-known Continental master, after spending several days on the job, announced that Black must win. He offered the analysis: 1. . . . Kt-R5; 2. Kt-Q7ch, K-K1; 3. Kt-B6ch, K-Q1; 4. Kt×P, P-R4!; and now

(a) 5. P-B5, Kt-Kt3; 6. P-B6, Kt-Q2; 7. P-B7, P-R5; 8. P-B8(Q), Kt×Q; 9. Kt×Kt, P-R6 and wins; or

(b) 5. Kt-B6, Kt-B6! 6. P-R4, Kt-K7! 7. P-R5, Kt×BPch; 8. K-B7, Kt×P; 9. Kt×Kt, P-R5, and Black's pawns, beat the knight.

(c) 5. Kt-B6, Kt-B6! 6. P-R4, Kt-K7! 7. K-K5, Kt-Kt6; 8. P-R5, Kt×P; 9. Kt×Kt, P-R5; 10. P-B5, P-R6; 11. P-B6, P-R7, and wins (12. P-B7, K-K2).

Very neat. Unfortunately another master pointed out that White, not Black, could win, by (1. . . . Kt-R5), 2. P-B5!, Kt-Kt3 (he must forestall White's Kt-Q7ch); 3. P-B6, P-QR4; 4. P-R4, P-R5; 5. P-R5, P-R6; 6. P-R6, P-R7; 7. Kt-Kt6ch! P×Kt (if, e.g., 7. . . . K-K1; 8. P-B7ch, etc.); 8. P-R7, and it is all over.

When they asked White, who had so confidently claimed the win from the first, had he seen any of this, "Good heavens, no!" was the reply.



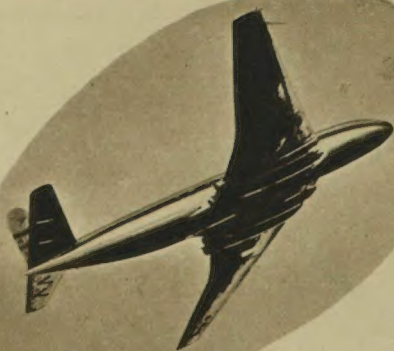
HOGMANAY AT THE TRON CHURCH, EDINBURGH: A TRADITIONAL MERRYMAKING SCENE WHICH MAY WELL HAVE TAKEN PLACE FOR THE LAST TIME, IF THE TOWN-PLANNERS HAVE THEIR WAY.

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This last was replaced, after being destroyed by the Fire of Edinburgh of 1824, with the present huge stone structure; and previously, in 1788, the east, west and south sides had been contracted. It is indeed an unbalanced building, it is no longer used for religious services, and it is said to constitute a traffic problem at the junction of High Street and North and South Bridges. But it holds an especial place in Edinburgh's heart, as it is the place *par excellence* where the people of Edinburgh gather to celebrate Hogmanay, there to await the chimes and to celebrate them with cheers, singing, eightsome reels and a dram or two or more.

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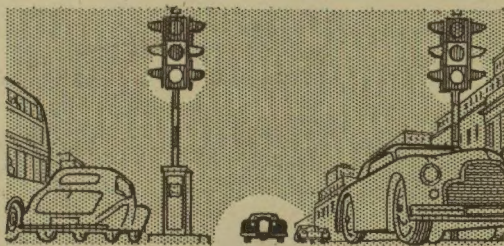
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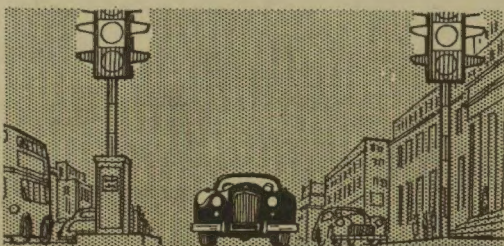


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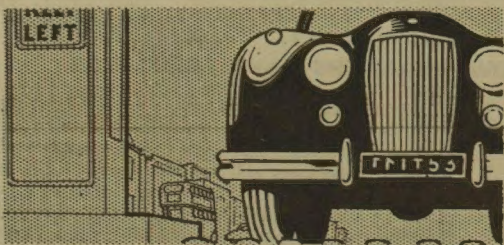
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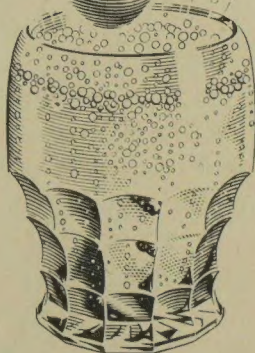
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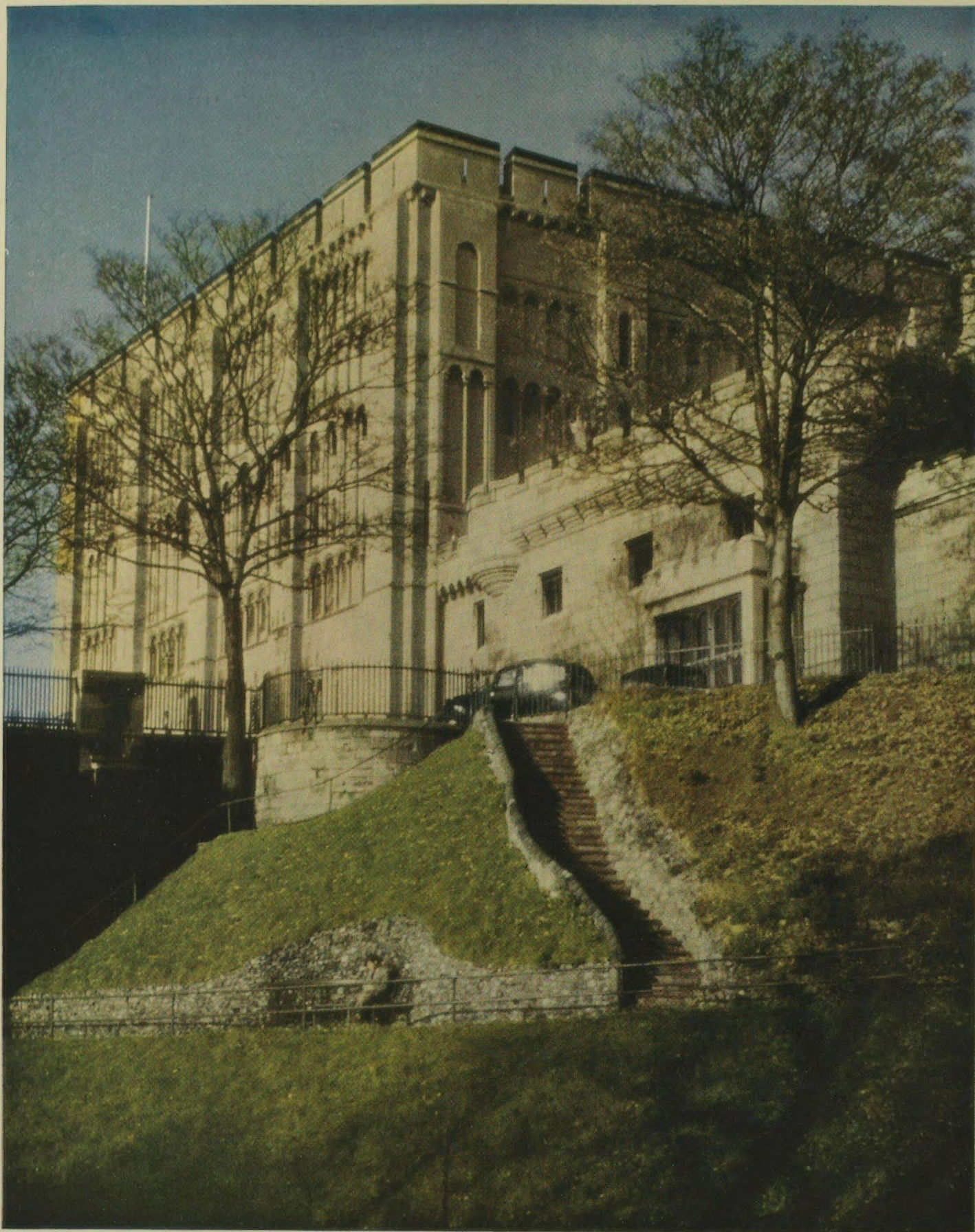
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